

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTHEAST TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Mrs. N. A. Kizer, of Oskaloosa, Ia., is visiting friends in Vista Grande.

Fresh Milk Cow Wanted—Inquire of George Nicholas at his Hillcrest Drive store.

For Sale—Nice lot in Colma. Enquire of A. J. Spring, Holy Cross Cemetery.

C. A. Reardon, of Crocker Tract, is improving his home at 18 Manchester street.

Supervisor Casey let the contract Monday for the construction of the Easton bridge.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

W. T. Reardon, a rancher of Madera, is visiting his father, C. F. Reardon, of Crocker Tract.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

News of a local nature evidently forgot to happen this week on account of the interest in the election.

J. A. Campbell, who is working at present at Eureka, came home Wednesday on a visit to his family.

Miss E. Deigh, who has been spending a week at Leona Heights, has returned to her Crocker Tract home.

The Grace Presbyterian Church in Crocker Tract gave a dinner to the men on Friday evening of last week.

Frank Regli, the three-year-old son of Lewis Regli of Crocker Tract, is improving after four weeks sickness.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

The Record's job printing department has been unusually busy this week. First-class work is what counts.

Jess Redding, while working on the new Bell building in Colma, Wednesday, fell from the scaffold and sprained his shoulder.

The Civic Betterment League of San Mateo County meets every Tuesday evening at Hillcrest Drive and Mission Road, in Papa's Hall.

The Republican county convention will be held at Halfmoon Bay next Thursday and the Democratic at Redwood City, Saturday, Aug. 26th.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise.

The job printing department of the Record has been crowded to its utmost capacity for several weeks and the need of another press and other machinery is more and more apparent every day.

No need to go to the city for Job Printing. The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results.

El Carmello Parlor, No. 181, Native Daughters of the Golden West, will give their second grand ball at Colma Hall, on Saturday evening, August 27, to which a general invitation is extended. Tickets, 25 cents.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week.

The Primary Election is an object lesson, showing what harmony of action will accomplish. Let us continue now in the good work started and become the important factor in county affairs that we are deserving of.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.

The Record's job printing department turned out a beautiful job of Membership Cards for the Vista Grande Republican Club this week. The pure white cards are printed in two colors and are so harmoniously arranged as to make a real artistic piece of work.

The Colma Lighting District is at last to have the lights. The Supervisors let the contract Monday to the South City Electric and Power Company, for \$1.45 per light. The contract is being prepared and will probably be acted upon at the next meeting of the Board.

The Vista Grande Market (Casey's) opposite Bracken's Hall, is increasing in its business rapidly. Good pure meat is what the people want and they are glad of the opportunity to get meat that is Government inspected and therefore with no chance of getting diseased meats.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectively assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

Miss Ethel Harris, the office assistant with the Record, is in full charge during the editor's absence. Solicited subscriptions, advertising and job printing, and gathering local news items, are included in the lady's duties and she is commended to the respectful consideration of all, as the Record's duly authorized representative.

One of the finest and most substantial roads in the county is being constructed by Supervisor Casey south of Holy Cross. The Mission road from the county line to that point has also been wonderfully improved this summer and the work has been of such a permanent nature that Mr. Casey is sure deserving of the greatest praise.

The Supervisors' indorsement of the Tanforan site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition means nothing further than that the Supervisors were imposed upon by being asked to pass it. There is not one reasonable argument that can be advanced for Tanforan, any more than could be advanced for locating the Exposition in the Suisun swamps.

Royal Neighbors musical and elocutionary entertainment, consisting of a cantata—"Fairy Land"—under the management of Mrs. M. Bode. An entertainment that will amuse both the young and old. Come and have a good laugh. The manager of Hillcrest Opera Company in trouble. Knowles Hall, Hillcrest, Friday evening, Aug. 26th, 1910. Admission, 25 cents.

That a local newspaper reflects the importance of the community in which it is published is indicated from the remarkably large number of candidates' announcements in the columns of the Record, there being ten more than in any other paper in San Mateo county. This merely shows the importance of this Jefferson School District, in which there are at this time 709 registered voters, being only 81 less than one half of the entire vote of the township. No wonder the candidates are anxious to be represented in the Record.

The date of the general meeting of the parishioners, and their friends, as also of all lovers of sports and athletics, is set for Labor Day, September 5th, at Tanforan Park. These reunions of old time friends, are indeed the source of much genuine pleasure and consolation and very many are quick to express themselves in no mistaken terms of the happiness of the opportunity they have enjoyed. This year we will have many rare attractions, sports, and amusements galore; prizes for gate and games are numerous and valuable; the games are open to all. All competitors are welcome. Come early and enjoy the day of your life.

Here's A Good Buy.

A lot on Mission road, close to the new school house site, 25 1/2 x 104 feet. Terms, ten per cent down; balance \$10 per month. Price of lot \$800. See Theo. Loventhal, office 5824 Mission street, near Sickels avenue, between 1 and 5 p. m. daily; 9 to 5 Sunday.

PRIMARY ELECTION

Much Interest Manifested All Over The County---Official Returns Not Yet In---Canvassing Board Meets Next Monday.

The Election in the First Township Was a Fine Object Lesson---Indicative of What Har- mony and a United Action Will Ac- complish for the Colma, Vista Grande, Mission Tract, Hillcrest & Crocker Tract District.

The Record is a little late this week owing to the desire to give the official election returns of San Mateo county, that were to have been canvassed by the Supervisors Thursday. When the Board met, however, two precincts, Steele and Turissimo, had not reported, so the canvassing was postponed until Monday. While it is impossible to give the official figures, the result of the primary election was approximately as follows, with a possible change in the Democratic nomination for Assemblyman to Joseph Debenetti and for Sheriff to J. H. Mansfield, their incomplete votes being very close:

Republican Ticket.

Governor.....Hiram W. Johnson
Congress (5th Dist.).....E. A. Hayes
Railroad Commr.....H. D. Loveland
Assemblyman.....Henry Ward Brown
District Attorney.....Kenneth M. Green
Sheriff.....Robert S. Chatham
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
Auditor.....William H. Underhill
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Recorder.....Harold O. Heiner
Tax Collector.....Ambrose McSweeney
Assessor.....Clarence D. Hayward
Supt. of Schools.....Roy D. Cloud
Coroner & Pub. Admr.....H. G. Plymire
Surveyor.....James V. Neuman
Justice of the Peace.....Ellis C. Johnson
Constable.....Robert J. Carroll

Democratic Ticket.

Governor.....Theodore A. Bell
Congress (5th Dist.).....Thos. E. Hayden
Railroad Commr.....Barkley Henley
Assemblyman.....John T. Davis
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
Sheriff.....P. H. McEvoy
Auditor.....Geo. W. Breaux
Treasurer.....James V. Swift
Justice of the Peace.....Wm. H. Almon
Constable.....J. C. Wallace

In the county the greatest interest centered on the contest for District Attorney on the Republican ticket. Mr. Bullock, the victim of the recent Examiner tirade, made a clean and honorable fight, and it is no doubt a cause of great satisfaction to that gentleman to know that in this vicinity, where the alleged law violations are said to exist, he received his largest vote, and but for the "knifing" in another part of the county, he would have been nominated. Mr. Green, the successful candidate, is said to be an honorable young man, and that he is a strong candidate is indicated by his vote. His opponent, Mr. Swart, is also a very popular gentleman and a "mixer" in the Joe Nash class, so that

the contest will no doubt be filled with interest, as both gentlemen seem to have about an equal show at the present time.

In the First Township there has been the greatest of interest felt because of the wish of the people of Colma, Vista Grande, Mission, Hillcrest and Crocker Tracts to elect a Justice of the Peace and Constable, and the nomination of Ellis C. Johnson of Vista Grande by a majority of 88 votes over Harry Edwards of South San Francisco, is hailed as quite a victory both for Mr. Johnson and this vicinity, for now we are sure of the seat of justice being located here, as Mr. Almon, the Democratic nominee, also resides in Colma. Robert Carroll, the Republican nominee for Constable, and J. C. Wallace, the Democratic nominee, both live in South City, but their duties must abide with the Justice of the Peace, so it is really of little importance where they reside.

In this election our two local candidates certainly covered themselves all over with glory. The two Vista Grande precincts gave Mr. Johnson 249, a majority of 198 over Edwards, while Mr. Parker received 177, leaving but 122 that were divided between the other three candidates. This is a particularly fine showing for both gentlemen and bespeaks their popularity at home. Mr. Johnson's success is attributable to his hard work and also to the loyal assistance of his many friends. Mr. Parker is also a clean and honorable man, and had he the means to make a thorough canvass might have also succeeded.

This election conveys a fine lesson to the people of the entire Jefferson School District, showing what concentration of action will do. We have established our importance in the minds of the entire county and in the future our demands will be heeded, if we cultivate and maintain that spirit of harmony that was so manifest in the loyal support of Messrs. Johnson and Parker. These four precincts can get just what they desire if they will stick together, for we have the balance of power and can elect any candidate we wish. There were 709 votes registered for the primary and it is likely the number will reach a thousand for the general election. It may be a "h-l of a gall for us to want anything until we have all resided in San Mateo county for ten years," as a South City guy said during the campaign, but we want just the same and are going to gratify our wants too, the old fossils to the contrary notwithstanding.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE RECORD.

The subscription price of the Record is only \$1.50—the CHEAPEST yet at the same time the BEST PAPER IN SAN MATEO COUNTY, and you, reader, are specially requested to add your name to the list. If it is not convenient to remit at once, just send in your order anyway and you will receive the paper regularly and soon be convinced of the truthfulness of its claim to superiority. This is not a specially prepared issue—and is therefore a fair sample of the regular issues.

The Record is only sixteen months old, but has already thoroughly established itself with a business that is really marvelous. The present quarters in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, are entirely too small, and the purchase of a beautiful lot, corner Mission road and Theta avenue, has just been effected, upon which will be erected an attractive and commodious building, and many new facilities will be added for a more perfect production of work.

THOUSANDS IN RUSSIA ARE DYING FROM DREAD CHOLERA

Austria and Germany Adopt Measures to Prevent Invasion of Scourge.

St. Petersburg.—From July 31st until August 6th, 20,668 cases of cholera were reported throughout Russia, with 8679 deaths. Returns from the leading provinces show the following fatalities: Don Cossacks, 1342; Kuban, 1122; Yekaterinoslav, 776; Samara, 707; Kherson, 451.

Berlin.—The Austrian and German health authorities are pursuing common measures against an invasion of Russian cholera. Medical agents from both governments stationed in Russia report the scarcity of physicians.

It appears probable that the number of deaths is larger than is indicated in the official reports received here. These reports placed the number of fatalities on July 31st at 25,554. Unofficial opinions vary, some of them placing the number of deaths as high as 40,000. A general feeling of depression is reported among the inhabitants of southern Russia. The gloom caused by the cholera epidemic is being made deeper by the failure of the crops in some districts.

Florence Nightingale Dead.

London.—Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, known in England as the "Queen of Nurses," and the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit, died Sunday noon at her London home, after a short illness. Her funeral was as quiet as possible, in accordance with her wishes. During recent years, owing to her feebleness and advanced age, Miss Nightingale had received but few visitors. On May 12th last, she celebrated her 90th birthday.

Dr. Rowland's New Office Hours.

Because of the rapidly increasing demand for his services, Dr. P. D. Rowland, physician and surgeon of the German Hospital, will now be found at the Knowles Building, Hillcrest, between the hours of 2:00 and 4:00 p. m., as well as 7:00 to 8:30 p. m., as heretofore. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract. Phone Mission 7270.

Many Dead in Railway Wreck.

Boyan, France.—An excursion train from Bordeaux with 1200 passengers and running at a speed of 50 miles an hour, crashed into a freight train at Saujon Sunday. Thirty-two persons were killed and 100 injured. Many of the victims were schoolgirls. Several of the passenger cars were torn to splinters. A misplaced switch caused the accident.

Death of Wm. P. Quinan.

San Francisco.—Cable advices from Cape Town, South Africa, announce the death of William P. Quinan who ranked as a world authority on the force of high explosives. During the Spanish-American war Quinan was retained by the Government to direct the planting of mines in San Francisco harbor.

Lynchers Indicted

Newark, O.—The special Grand Jury called to consider the lynching of the "dry" detective, Carl Etherington, on July 8th, reported indictments against 15 members of the mob for first-degree murder. The State, through the Attorney-General's office, has taken up the prosecution of these men.

New Fire Truck for Berkeley

Berkeley.—The Berkeley City Council has ordered a combination fire truck for the Berkeley fire department. The contract price is \$5600. The machine is to be a six-cylinder affair of 73 horsepower, weighing 7000 pounds. It will be used to cover the hilly territory of the city.

Railroad Employees May Raise Freight

Topeka.—A movement has been started here by railway employees to secure an increase in the freight rates. Petitions are being drawn up and these will be sent out over all the railway lines in the United States for the signature of employees.

Burke Case Postponed

Santa Rosa.—On a motion of District Attorney Clarence F. Lea, the cases against Dr. William P. Burke, charged with dynamiting, malpractice and other serious offenses, will be postponed until the latter part of November.

JOHNSON CHOSEN TO HEAD TICKET OF REPUBLICANS

Insurgent Landslide Sweeps Through G. O. P. Ranks of California

Result of New Direct Primary Law is to Sidetrack Ancient Political Forces in Favor of Masses.

An Insurgent wave swept over the Republican party throughout California Tuesday, and Hiram W. Johnson was carried atop of it into the nomination for Governor and Congressman McKinley and McLachlan went down in defeat before the candidates of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league. Both were "administration men."

On the other hand Congressman Hayes, one of the recognized insurgent leaders in Congress and an outspoken opponent of Speaker Cannon, was renominated over Mayor Davison of San Jose, whom the "regular" wing of the party had brought out against him.

The contest between Kent and McKinlay was the only one which assumed the proportions of national interest. In the remaining seven Congressional districts the contests were less exciting, save the Seventh and Eighth.

In the First district Congressman Englebright is returned, winning a substantial victory over Judge Childs.

J. R. Knowland and Julius Kahn had no opposition in their own party in the Third and Fourth districts and both read their bills clear to nominations. In the Sixth district the Republicans had no contest, James C. Needham receiving the nomination unopposed.

In the Seventh district there was a hot fight between the regular and the insurgent wings of the Republican party. Congressman James McLachlan, who was first elected in 1900, was beaten by William B. Stephens, a Los Angeles lawyer, the candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league.

It was a veritable landslide. Johnson carried every county in the State with the exception of San Francisco and Marin, each of which gave Charles F. Curry a plurality.

Los Angeles rolled up a very large vote for the Insurgent candidate, Johnson not only defeating Phil Stanton in his home county easily, but coming out with a clear majority over his combined opponents.

Curry was easily second in the race. Anderson's vote was a complete disappointment to his friends and the regular "organization" he represented. He came out a very poor third.

Attorney-General Webb defeated his machine opponent, Frank A. McGowan, by a large majority.

A. B. Nye (incumbent) was nominated for Controller over Frank Mattison. W. R. Williams had no opposition for Treasurer, and Surveyor-General Kingsbury was re-nominated over W. C. Alberger. W. H. Bemiss for Clerk of the Supreme Court; Edward Hyatt (incumbent) for Superintendent of Public Instruction, and W. W. Shannon for State Printer, were successful over their opponents.

The regular Democratic ticket was nominated, there being no contest, except in the Fourth Congressional district, where Walter McArthur defeated R. P. Troy for the nomination.

Searching for Spanish Gold

Glasgow.—Ceylon pearl divers are now busy in the unfamiliar waters of Tobermory bay, Scotland. Their search is for the buried wealth of the Florencia, a treasure galleon of the Spanish Armada, lost in that rocky quarter in 1588. Fabulous wealth went down with her.

Aviator Seriously Injured

Asbury Park, N. J.—A serious mishap to Walter Brockins, in which the daring Wright aviator was painfully hurt, marred the first day of the aviation meet here. Brockins was dashed to the earth when the machine suddenly turned turtle.

Bananas Ruined by Hurricane.

Panama.—Advices from Costa Rica say there was a severe hurricane there last week on the Atlantic coast, destroying 1,000,000 banana trees, worth more than \$10,000,000.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

ART OF EATING AN APPLE.

It is at its Best if Munched When Sitting on a Fence.

The apple is so engagingly vagabondish a fruit. It is the black sheep of the fruit family, the tramp and roadster, just as the berries are the gamins and beggars. To eat an apple at a table is to treat it with all disregard of its charm and character, the New York Sun says; to approach it with knife and plate is to take the hopelessly wrong road to its good graces. It should be munched out of doors, preferably with others in one's pockets. An apple is at its best if eaten while sitting on a fence. It then admits you to its sweetest juices, and so attuned is it to the posture, so grateful for your understanding of its proper environment and for the spirit of your attack, that any apple, even a lamentably gnarled one, contrives at such a time to be not wholly unworthy of your attention.

An apple always incites to theft, seducing the most carping moralist, and yet making theft seem right, seem the only sane act, in the very moment of your downfall. Apples love wanderers, approve of homeless people and followers of the highway. They encourage them by growing near the road and doing their best to sustain and nourish. Even in a city apples hold their own and exert their influence. They make opera goers stop at fruit stands and in the flare of a gas jet drop carefully chosen apples into a vulgar and undisguised paper bag. With its pleasant bulge against one's side one's habits change, sinking to a distinctly informal plane. Apples are above all an informal fruit and they argue that opera clothes have no weight against the enticing of rowdyish diversion of a ride on the top of a motor bus, air and apples being sufficient pleasure to justify the fall of any man. They argue so well, backed by their wholesome, lawless tastes, that one must needs agree, and providing the apple sets the tone they make any lark a success.

Fresh Air Not Always Free.

"We moved three times in six months just because the landlord wouldn't allow the baby to sleep out doors," said a student of hygiene, who resides in Chicago. "Then I took to explaining the case to the agent before we moved in. We were refused an apartment in four other places before we finally found a landlord who didn't object to the fresh air cure."

"I don't care how much fresh air you get in a legitimate way," was the way one agent put it, "but it looks bad for the house to see beds and cradles piled up on the fire escapes. The other tenants who have neither babies nor fresh air convictions find fault. They say it makes the place look like a tenement, attracts attention from the street, and all that, and they threaten to move if it isn't stopped. Even if the fire escapes are in the rear of the building, the neighbors talk and make things unpleasant."

"And there you are. Fresh air may be as free as heaven, but it seems almost as hard to get one as the other."

Royal Compliment.

George is the breezy elevator boy in one of the big office buildings. "George," said the tall bookkeeper the other morning, "let me off at the third."

"George, the fourth!" added the old broker.

"George, the fifth!" chirped the pretty blonde typist.

George expanded until there was danger of his brass buttons leaving his blue uniform.

"Aw, whatever getting a swell head about?" piped a messenger. "Somebody would think yer was a page in de senate."

"Page in de senate? Why, didn't yer hear dat peach of a typewriter say 'George de fifth'? Makes one feel like de new king of England."

Eloping Up-to-Date.

The coatless man puts a careless arm 'round the waist of the hatless girl. While over the dustless, mudless roads. In a horseless wagon they whirl. Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun.

By smokeless powder driven, They fly to taste the speechless joys By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse Affords to them the means Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod. With a dish of stringless beans.

He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe, And laughs a mirthless laugh When papa tries to coax her back By wireless telegraph.

—Motor Record.

Suggesting a Reason.

Corkins—I don't know how I do it, but I can always tell what time of day it is without looking at a watch or clock.

McStub—To be sure. Nature always confers instinct upon creatures that lack the higher faculties.

Great Achievement.

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?" "Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.—London Scare Moments.

Can't See His Faults.

He's slightly off color. And yet we don't mind; He has so much money. We're all color-blind.

ORDERED TO SWEAR—SHE DID

New York Woman in Court Gives Unique Interpretation of Oath.

Mrs. Johanna Spitzer of 910 Columbus avenue, New York, and her husband, Karl, were going north in an Eighth avenue car the other night when William Delliny, of 330 East Fifty-fourth street, got on.

The man stepped on Mrs. Spitzer's toes several times. Her husband told him to behave himself. Delliny retorted by swearing and paying his respects to the social status of the Spitzers. He was arrested at Columbus circle on complaint of Mrs. Spitzer.

In the night court Mrs. Spitzer was about to give her testimony as complainant.

"Do I have to swear, Judge?" she asked Magistrate Krotel.

"Yes, madam."

"But Judge, I do not like to."

"You must. Every witness makes oath before testifying. The law requires it."

"Well, if I must, I must, I guess. But I don't like to."

"Yes, you must."

"Well, damn."

Delliny was sent to the workhouse for five days.

A Friend in Need.

Algie—I say, Fred, You're aw—aw friend of mine, aren't you?

Fred—Sure.

Algie—Then be a good fellow and—aw—help me out. I'd like to have that pretty cousin of yours learn all about my—aw—good points, doncher know.

Fred—I am helping you, old chap. I argued with her for two hours yesterday trying to convince her that you weren't as big a fool as you look.

What We May Expect.

The suffragette meeting had grown red-hot.

"And what will become of the great brewery buildings when we control the votes?" shouted the leader.

And the little man who had crept in unobserved shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess they'll be turned into chewing gum factories and complexion-powder mills," he muttered simply.

He Doubted Her Sincerity.

"I cannot give you a favorable answer until you have talked with my father."

The young man seized his hat.

"What's your hurry?" the fair girl asked.

"I take no chances," replied the youth. "I am going to see your father before you can get to him."

And he hustled from the room.

Couldn't Fool Her.

The husband was in a repentant mood.

"My dear," he said, "if I have ever given you any unkind words I take them all back."

But the wife was wise to his ways. "That's just like you, John Henry Hix," she rejoined. "You want them back so you can use them all over again."

New to the Business.

Mrs. Newed—I'd like a couple of yards of steak, please.

Butcher—Pardon me, madam, but since the first of the month we have been selling it only by the pound.

What kind of steak would you like?

Mrs. Newed—Rare steak, please. My husband doesn't like it well done.

Butchery.

Isidore was turning over the pages of his new reader. The picture of a cow greatly excited him. "Teacher, teacher," he called, "I vonce seen a cow!"

"Did you? Where?"

"In the street. A man had her and he was going to kill her for her milk."

—Everybody's.

One of Many.

"Yes," boasted the self-made man. "I'm one of those chaps who never forget a favor."

"That's what you are," rejoined the party who says what he thinks. "You never forget a favor you do any one—and you never let him forget it, either."

Dawn of a Scheme.

"They say the tail of that comet is composed of gas."

"Yes."

"And 4,000,000 miles long."

"Well?"

"I wonder if we couldn't rig up some kind of a suction engine and tap it?"

Real Charitable.

Tattered Theodore—"Scuse me, mem, but I ain't got scarcely a rag 't me back. Kin yous help me out?"

Kind Lady—Certainly. You'll find the rag bag behind the door in the woodhouse. Help yourself.

Anything But Quiet.

Mrs. A.—There goes Mrs. Green. They say she is such a quiet dresser.

Mrs. Z.—Quiet? You should hear her carrying on when her husband is buttoning up her waist in the back.

Quite So.

"Why is the public always bullish in the market?"

"That's natural enough. It is hard for the public to grasp the idea that anything is ever going down in price."

Who Cares?

"There are germs in kisses."

"Well, let's commit germicide."

MODES of The MOMENT



THE young girls are benefiting by the prevailing note of girlishness which characterizes this summer's dresses, and for once at least they have a distracting number of models from which to choose. Some are lovelier than others and all have lines of grace and beauty. The majority of those intended for afternoon wear are quite simply made. The materials are a combination representing daintiness and inexpensiveness, and trimmings are limited to fancy collars, entredeux, tucks and soft silk belts and ties, writes a fashion expert in the New York Herald.

Muslins, lawns and linens are the favorite foundations for dresses to be worn at tennis and garden parties, for driving at fashionable resorts and upon the other pleasant occasions in which girls who are not yet in the debutante class are permitted to participate. These simple names of materials do not convey all that they might, however, for the reason that muslins and linens in the finer qualities are really glorified fabrics, sheer in weave, delicate in texture and offered in exquisite colors.

Half a dozen of these thin afternoon dresses are not too many for the average young girl to possess, and it goes without saying that two of them will be white. A white lingerie and a white linen are almost essential to the summer outfit. This leaves four, or more if liked, to be chosen in the wearer's most becoming colors. The shades from which young girls may choose are somewhat more limited than for older women, but the list includes pink, blue, gray, cream or pale yellow, brown and rose. The darker shades are suitable for linens and similar materials, while the sheer fabrics cannot be too delicate in their colorings, if the rare to be made without the veiled effect, which is one of the fads of this season.

Among the simpler materials are charming marisettes, showing delicate pink stripes alternating with an openwork pattern, and there are dotted and figured cotton marisettes and muslins which have all the beauty of silk and are much better suited to the youthful wearer than even foulards or some of the softer weaves of silk.

The cotton voiles, new in weave and finish, were never more alluring, and they drape a girlish figure as no other fabric does. With pink and white, rose and white, green with white figures and in dull gray pin stripes a brilliant touch of color is used, perhaps a satin bow or a piping on a round collar, to give the dress an air. Narrow Valenciennes insertions are used fort for most part on lingerie dresses, and even these are now often trimmed with other laces or with embroidery to differentiate them from the ubiquitous ready made garment.

NOTHING is prettier in cut for a simple lingerie dress than the one made with a straight line across the neck reaching from shoulder to shoulder, after the style of Italian dresses worn in mediaeval days. The line is horizontal, and the front and back are filled in with bands of lace run crosswise. A marisette or dainty muslin dress made in this style would have an inch wide strip of trimming, either a hand embroidered strip or good lace, finishing the top of the waist, front and back. Then from the point where the two strips meet on the shoulder they would unite and continue down the sleeves on the outside of the arm in a single band.

A pink dotted muslin was made in this fashion with an inch wide piece of Chiny insertion outlining the neck and forming the sleeve trimming. The sleeves were a narrow kimono cut, with a band of the lace finishing the bottom at the elbow, where an undersleeve of fine white tulle was seen. The blouse was drawn in at the waist under a crushed belt of pink silk and the skirt fell a bit full at the waist, but rather scant at the bottom and had a ten-inch band of fine embroidery worked across below the knees and falling over a plain skirt of the striped material.

There is scarcely any dress designed now for a young girl which does not show a low collar or the neck cut away to disclose the throat in a comfortable and pretty way. Older women have adopted the style to a great extent, but it is one universally becoming to youth, while only occasionally so to women who have passed their girlhood. Low round collars of embroidery are almost always seen on the linen dresses, and any severity of cut is thus offset by the graceful neck trimming.

A deep rose colored dress which would sound a striking note at a tennis afternoon has been selected for a girl with dark hair and excellent coloring. The blouse is simple and untrimmed, except for the rolling collar of rose linen embroidered in rose and edged with a narrow frill of Valenciennes lace set onto the collar with a narrow black satin piping. The dress buttons in the front and has a simple linen belt and cuffs to match the collar trimming. With this dress the

girl wears a wide brimmed rose colored straw hat trimmed with a huge black satin bow at the left side toward the back.

White and black pin striped marisette or muslin make a becoming and useful dress for almost any afternoon affair, and it can be given much of an air by the trimming used to brighten it. The dull gray tone of the material combines well with rose color or pink, while certain shades of blue or yellow often lend a delightful touch. A dress of this design was made with a slightly cut out neck and a collarless effect was achieved by an application of trimming to surround the neck. The trimming was nothing more than a shaped piece of rose colored silk with ends which fell almost to the top of the wide crushed belt of the marisette. The sleeves were finished with a cuff of the same rose satin and lace frilling, while the skirt, which was short and narrow, had a deep band of the material cut the other way so that the stripes ran around. This band was headed by a tiny fold of rose satin.

WHILE the severer styles of linen dresses have low necks, the line for these is higher than for the softer models. Voile, dainty muslins and lingerie effects may be cut quite low, comparatively speaking, to disclose the curve where the neck and shoulders round into each other. There is this rule to observe, however, in planning such a frock, and that is to have the curve shallow across the front and back. Instead of resembling a "U" it should be like a crescent. A simple fold of silk, an entredeux or a narrow shaped collar makes a becoming finish for the neck, and then the favorite frill of fine linen or lace may be added below this. Sometimes the lingerie ruffle is set on at the top of the neck and there is no other finish.

Undersleeves are a feature of many summer dresses and these show a little below the elbow or more, from half way between shoulder and elbow to half way between wrist and elbow. There seems to be no hard and fast rule about the length of sleeves for such dresses. As a usual thing they come midway to the hand, but sometimes they end just below the elbow. Few of them reach the full length of the arm, a length which detracts from the cool, summery look of almost any gown. Above the undersleeve the sleeve proper is finished with some trimming, a fancy cuff—perhaps adjustable, which can be freshened from time to time—or with a closely fitting band of embroidery or lace. This may go straight around the arm or turn at right angles on the outside of the arm and end in an upward point.

A buff linen dress buttoning down the front has the skirt cut in a graduated panel and a deep plaited flounce reaching all around from the sides of the panel. The blouse also has buttons in front, following a diagonal line, and there is a medium width belt fastening with buttons. A round, flat collar of fine embroidery finishes the neck and the three-quarter length sleeves have cuffs to match. The blouse is given fullness by having a wide plait laid backward at the shoulders and stitched part way down.

Pointed lines in trimming are utilized effectively in a dress made of sheer batiste with a tiny all over embroidered flower. The skirt has a graduated flounce headed by a band of cross tucking which is edged on either side with Valenciennes insertion. This trimming forms a deep V in front and slopes upward at the sides, reaching almost to the belt in the back. The same scheme is carried out in the waist trimming and it is repeated in the sleeves. A soft crushed pink silk belt and some loops of the silk at the neck suggesting a tie complete this charming afternoon costume.

To Put on a Veil.

How many women know how to adjust a veil? Very few; and when carelessly put on, no matter how beautiful the coiffure or how becoming the hat, the entire effect is ruined. Many women never acquire the trick of adjusting a veil neatly, therefore they should dispense with it altogether, or take time when there is nothing more urgent on hand, to learn the art of disposing of the ends and giving it a finished, tasteful appearance. A veil cannot be put on hastily and look well. In this respect it resembles a shirtwaist, regarded by many as a simple garment, but how often do you see the wearer of one looking as trim as this little garment demands that she should! Unless carefully and persistently attached to the skirt, it is bound to bag; a little extra strain, and it becomes completely detached, leaving an ugly space between the waist and skirt, while the belt offers no reasonable explanation for its presence.—Delineator.

Medical College Hymn.

"Have you heard the new medical school hymn?"

"No what is it?"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest."—Yale Record.

PASTURING PIGS ON CLOVER

Produces Cheapest Pork, When Used in Conjunction With Some Supplemental Feed.

Even at present prices it is essentially to our interests to produce pork as cheaply as possible. Simply because hogs are selling at record prices we cannot allow the cost of production to creep up alongside the increased selling price. It should ever be the aim of the hogman to have the hogs and the methods which will enable him to produce a pound of pork with the smallest outlay consistent with good gains.

It has always been our opinion that the cheapest pork can be produced on clover pasture, when it is used in conjunction with some supplemental feed, writes Clyde A. Waugh, in Michigan Farmer. Clover furnishes cheap protein, allows the hog to exist in what approaches his natural condition, keeps him fairly healthy, manures your field and saves a great deal of labor.

We have found that most of our profitable litters are those that are farrowed about the time the sows can be turned on pasture. It is an easy matter to take a roll of hog fencing, stick in a post every seven or eight rods, and to stretch up your fence. It can be done in half a day. Several litters of pigs can be run in a few acres.

After suckling a few weeks the sows can be reduced to a ration of a few ears of corn a day. Before this a few troughs can be placed so as to admit the pigs and keep out the sows, when the pigs can be given shorts and other feeds.

Handled in such a manner you have fair sized shoats when the new corn crop is ready to be fed. Then, a little green corn can be used to advantage. However, by the time the corn is ready, the shoats will stand quite a heavy feeding while on the clover. By so doing, the spring pigs can often be turned off after running behind steers on a very short feed which begins early in the fall. Two years ago we turned a bunch of shoats so raised, in a corn field with the older hogs. When the place was hogged off part of the spring pigs went to market.

BREAKING UP BROODY HENS

Shutting Her Up in Box With Slatted Bottom Will Effect Cure in Very Few Days.

It is natural for hens of the sitting breeds to become broody after she has finished laying a "clutch" of eggs. They do not deserve to be ducked or otherwise abused because they follow the course nature has laid down for them.

If the hen begins to show signs of broodiness and is not needed for hatching it is very easy to break her up, if immediate action is taken.

Shutting her in a box with a slatted bottom, the box being supported a foot from the ground, will usually cure her in a day or two.

The slatted bottom furnishes a perfectly easy place for the hen to stand or sit, but is not conducive to the kind of sitting that comes with the fever of broodiness. Broodiness is a sort of fever and the slatted bottom of the box allows the air to circulate under the hen and soon cools the fever and the hen is ready to go to work sooner.

It is doubtful if rearing a brood of chickens decreases the egg record of a hen in any way. If the hen becomes broody she will waste a lot of time if allowed to sit around until she gets ready to quit, but if she is broken up at once it is doubtful if she will begin laying again any sooner than she would if she had been allowed to hatch and rear a brood of chicks.

Home-Raised Seed Potatoes.

A good many people think they must get their seed potatoes from a different locality every three or four years, or they will run out. This is a mistake; a wrong idea. We have sold seed potatoes to those same men, yet we never changed seed, of the same variety, in our life.

A few years ago a dealer in potatoes here brought in a carload of seed potatoes from Aroostook, Me., and sold them at a very high price. Some of our neighbors bought this seed and planted, but were much disappointed at digging time, for their own seed gave the best crop.

If farmers will take as much pains in selecting their potatoes as they do their corn for seed they will not run out.

But the only thing the careless farmer, that has taken no pains to improve his potatoes, can do this spring is to plant the best he has, and next fall begin to improve and increase his potato crop by a careful selection of seed.

Wild Goose Farmer.

Capt. Joshua D. Wheaton of Chincoteague, Va., claims the distinction of being the only wild goose farmer in the world. He has 250 acres of land skirting the coast of Chincoteague sound and has at the present time over 1,500 wild geese on the place. He ships alive to the northern markets and gets an average price of \$5 per pair. He got a start by capturing young birds and clipping their wings.

Corn Ensilage for Sheep.

Corn ensilage can be fed to sheep, but be very careful if it is at all sour. Nothing gives better results than clover or alfalfa hay and turnips, with a small quantity of a mixture of wheat bran, oats and oil meal.

CLINCHED THE CASE

SAILOR PROVED POSSESSION OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Disconcerted Opposing Lawyer at the Very Moment He Thought He Was Assured of Complete Victory.

"The master of a vessel in a port in the Gulf of Mexico being in need of money borrowed it and to secure its repayment executed what is called a bottomry bond," writes a correspondent of the National Magazine. "By this bond it was agreed that if the money was not paid within so many days after the vessel arrived at New York proceedings might be taken to have the vessel sold and the debt paid out of the proceeds."

"The money was not paid and I was retained to enforce the bond and began a suit. Someone interested in the vessel appeared in the suit and denied that the bond had been executed by the master, as had been alleged."

"It became necessary to take the testimony on this point of a sailor whose name was subscribed to the bond as having witnessed its execution. In answer to my questions the sailor said that the captain called him into the vessel's cabin and asked him to be a witness to the bond, and he signed his name to it as a witness, and he spoke of the paper as the bottomry bond."

"The opposing counsel in a sharp cross-examination asked him how he knew it was a bottomry bond, and the witness answered that he read enough of it to know what it was. Some other skillful questions brought out the fact that when the sailor came into the cabin the captain was sitting on the other side of a table with the paper before him and the sailor sat down at the side of the table facing the captain, so that the paper was between them; that the paper was not read to him, that the captain turned over the first leaf of the paper and signed his name at the end of it and told the sailor where to sign his name, which he did, and then left the cabin."

"My heart sank, for I saw that it was open to the other side to say that the document lay on the table upside down to the sailor, and that his statement that he read enough of the document to know it was a bottomry bond was false, because, of course, he could not read writing which was upside down, and, therefore, his whole evidence should be disbelieved."

"The lawyer opposed to me saw the point also, but instead of leaving the matter where it was he concluded to clinch it, and, taking the document, he laid it down on the table before the witness upside down and said to him, 'Let us see you read the paper now.'"

"To my great surprise and relief the witness read the writing, upside down as it was, with nearly as much fluency as if it had been right side up."

"That ended the contest over the execution of the bond. This sailor's ability to read writing when it was upside down was a curious instance of the many curious things which sailors do to occupy their time during idle watches on long voyages."

To Nervous Women.

Avoid haste and hurry; these are the things that confuse the brain and make clear judgment impossible. The besetting temptation of the nervous woman is to hurry from one duty to another in breathless haste, attempting many tasks, yet achieving none of them with dignity or freedom. When such a temptation arises, call a halt. Remain quiet for a few minutes; summon back your self-possession, and refuse to do in one hour work that should be spread over two.

Habituate yourself to the control of the emotions. Nothing makes such havoc of the nervous system, nothing disorganizes the inner life like anger, fear, worry. These forces must be quelled if the soul is to maintain its supremacy and nervous peace is to be enjoyed; and this is done, not, indeed, by a flat of the will, but by substituting for these destructive emotions such constructive ones as love, aspiration after some ideal, faith in God, and reverence for the divine order of life.

—Dr. S. S. McComb, in Harper's Bazar.

Fills Up Panama Excavation.

Excavation of the Panama canal through the Culebra range of hills has set in motion a mass of 2,000,000 cubic yards of material, which is sliding into the excavation apparently on an inclined substratum of clay. The fact is said to illustrate one of the many advantages of the present high-level canal over one at sea level. The sea-level cut would have been carried 80 feet deeper and the slides would have been, in all probability, enormously greater. The material will have to be removed; but outside of the additional expense no ill effects are apprehended.

His Suggestion.

The Narrator—And from my tea shot the ball caught the dog, lifted him over a bush and landed him in a pond; and I've never been able to induce the dog to come on to the links with me since.

The Listener—Perhaps he objects to be seen out with Ananias.

After the Race.

The Hare—But of course you'll give me another chance?

The Tortoise—Oh, I suppose I must! But understand right now my end of the purse'll be 75 per cent. win or lose.—Puck.

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest
to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milk-fed clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Polaire proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra," and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of antifat fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter

of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut." "I'm done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policeman McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat." "What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free



NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter



ST. LOUIS.—"Young woman," said a motherly individual, holding two small children in her weary arms, "will you play 'When the Roses Bloom Again' for me, please?"

The music counter young woman, perched on her stool, selected the piece mentioned among a heap of others and prepared to "reel" it off.

The shabby woman listened attentively until the last notes died out. She ogled the children in the meantime.

"Thank you very much," she said, and strolled slowly off.

"There," grumbled the girl behind the music counter, "that is only one of the things that we've got to put up with. There are a hundred others, and as soon as I can get in the ribbons I'm going to get out of the music, once and for all. The work is worth twice as

much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 65 per cent. of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent song."

Whereat the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked:

"I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase



CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know." "Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno," added the Cub rooster.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

TO RESTORE HISTORIC FORT

Ancient Stronghold in Mexico, Once Captured by Scott's Army, Is Being Rebuilt.

The ancient and historic fortress of Perote that stands upon the wind-swept plains of Apam, in the vicinity of Jalapa, Mexico, is being rehabilitated by the Mexican government, with a view to garrisoning it again and equipping its battlements with modern guns.

A number of daring Texans who were in the ill-fated Mier expedition in the early days of that border commonwealth had good cause to remember Perote. It was in this grim and desolate fortress that they were confined and made to undergo the most terrible of hardships.

General Scott's army of Americans captured this fort in the war with Mexico. It occupies a strategic position, commanding the narrow pass that leads from the plains through the mountains. When General Scott's forces emerged from this pass on their march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, they were subjected to a hot fire from the guns of the fort, but the aim of the gunners was bad and the invaders kept on their way. General Scott demanded the surrender of the garrison of the fort. The Mexican commander refused to accede to the demand. General Scott is said to have sent word to the obstinate Mexican officer that he and his soldiers could stay in the fort as long as they wanted to; that it was not worth fighting for. The American army cut off the source of food supplies from the garrison and in a few days an offer came from the Mexican commander to surrender. It was accepted by General Scott, and a garrison of American soldiers replaced the Mexican.

Teaching Our Daughters.

Logic, impersonality, magnanimity, qualities which result from close and constant contact with men and facts, various and many, are qualities noticeably lacking in the average feminine make-up. The old-fashioned ornamental education of women, a smattering of literature, a few accomplishments, a little general knowledge of a half-dozen subjects, was surely not calculated to remedy the deficiency. The ornamental education is being slowly but surely ousted. The day is approaching, if, indeed, it is not here, when any girl who doesn't receive a college education will feel that it is as great a disadvantage to her as it is to man to forego the university. Whether or not we educate our girls for self-support, we educate them for knowledge, resource, character, ability, power. It is important that the mothers of the race should have these qualities to hand down.—Harper's Bazar.

All New Stuff Is Old.

Every now and then somebody sends in a line about how some new song is stolen from an old one. Why talk about it. Most of 'em are. We've all noted how George Cohan's "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" is a steal from "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets." We have traced "After the Ball" back to "Little Fishermen." We have even suggested that Sousa's "Washington Post March" was a parody of "Old Hundred." And we made a lifelong enemy of a German friend by insisting that Wagner stole a Parsifal motif from "Forsaken."

But, say! Do you remember the old waltz we used to sway to, about 20 years ago—the words we hummed to it being: "My arm around her slender waist, Her little hand in mine?" Yes? Got the air in your head? Now sing "Old Heidelberg, Old Heidelberg, Thy Sons Shall Ne'er Forget." Reward offered for a new air.

Japanese Is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

Became Household Word.

An old doctor was operated on in a hospital in Berlin. On leaving he was sympathized with and pitied by all his old friends who met him, for his hair had suddenly turned white as snow. The truth of the matter was that Foxy Grandpa had no chance to dye his hair in the hospital. So when he got out he made the most of the matter with the first person he met, and became so famous that he was appointed one of the king's physicians and died rich, and his name, like the prisoner of Chillon, became a household word.—New York Press.

Natural Phenomena.

"I wonder why is the weather vane?" "For the same reason, I suppose, that the dog wood or the tin roof spouts."

A Beauty Secret.

"What do you do to keep your hands so beautiful?" asked the rural maid. "Why," replied the fair summer boarder, "I do not."

FEED FOR WINTERING STOCK

Numerous Catch Crops to Supplement Hay When Latter Is Failure—Soy Beans for Silos.

On many farms where the number of animals raised on the farm and kept through the winter is dependent upon the amount of hay harvested, the farmer is unable to winter all of his stock when the hay crop is a failure unless he grows catch crops to supplement his hay crop.

Oats and peas make a very good catch crop and will produce a large amount of palatable and nourishing hay.

Corn fodder makes an excellent catch crop and affords abundance of rough feed, although corn that is allowed to reach a more mature condition will afford the most nourishment.

Millet is another excellent catch crop and will thrive under a wide variety of conditions, but like most other crops will produce better crops when it is raised on land that contains an abundance of plant food.

Barley and peas are very valuable for fall feeding and may be cut late and cured for hay the same as oats and peas. This mixed crop may be used for silfing purposes until late in November. Rape is a member of the turnip family and makes an excellent late forage crop for sheep and hogs as many farmers pasture it with young cattle but it is not adapted for feeding dairy cattle, owing to the danger of its giving the milk a bad odor, similar to that imparted by the turnip when fed in large quantities.

Soy beans are recommended highly as an economical source of protein and may be grown in most sections of the country where live stock is fed. Many fall with this crop because they do not wait for the ground to become warm before they sow the crop. Soy beans may be drilled, planted in hills or in rows.

On farms where there is a silo they will do well when sowed in the corn field and run into the silo with the corn crop. It improves the food value of the ensilage and has no bad results.

KEEPING COWS OUT OF PONDS

Dairymen Make Big Mistake in Allowing Animals to Drink Dirty, Stagnant Water.

Many men who think they are good farmers allow their cows to drink all summer from any old pond that happens to contain enough water.

No matter how filthy it is, or how warm or contaminated by vegetable growth or droppings from the animals themselves, so long as it is water.

A greater error never was made. You cannot get good milk or butter from dirty pond water.

The cow is a wonderful milking machine and she often transforms some pretty poor stuff into milk, but if she is given nothing but dirty, stagnant pond water all her powers of alchemy cannot turn it into a fluid fit for children to drink.

There is one way, however, in which pond water may be used to advantage, but it is not to allow animals to go into it or drink from it direct.

A pond on the Oklahoma station farm holds a million gallons and supplies 100 head each of cattle and hogs.

It drains a large area which is on a hill to the barns and feed lots. That is different.

As it runs from the faucet it is as clear as the average well water and it tastes good.

The cost of building the pond and of piping the water about one-third of a mile was about \$400. Barring usual accidents it should cost nothing for repairs and it does not cost a cent to operate it.

There are many localities where the ground is more or less hilly where this system of supplying water could very easily be adopted without great cost.

The Science of Farming.

If the world's attention determines the importance of a science, then the science of farming is receiving deserved recognition. For the world is certainly giving much attention to the farm and the people who work upon it. This is not to be wondered at, for upon the farm and its products depend all other industries. Without this science all other things must fail, whereas the farmer could, if necessary, make a fairly good shift at doing without all the rest.

Knowing how is just as valuable on the farm as in any other branch of industry. The subject of "Dry Farming" is an illustration very much in point. One man experimented until he learned the secret and as a result many people have profited. What he learned does not seem very wonderful, but it was the thing needed to be known, and in the semi-arid west, where crops are being grown by this method, they deem it quite an achievement. It always pays to study one's business.

Palmetto Asparagus.

Palmetto asparagus is the most popular variety for commercial plantations. It is rust-resistant to a large degree and makes a strong, vigorous growth. Columbian White Mammoth is a splendid white variety. Asparagus should be grown more largely for many eastern markets. It nearly always sells readily at good prices and brings the grower a cash return early in the season before many other vegetables are ready for sale. If market conditions are favorable, plan for setting a bed next spring. Grow your own plants, if possible. If not, buy from special growers who produce strong plants free from disease.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

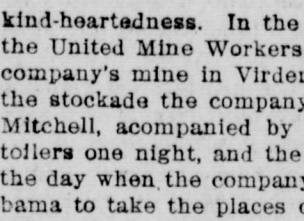
JOHN MITCHELL'S WORK



John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, continues to work for the improvement, advancement and safety of the man who toils with his hands.

For a couple of years now, Mr. Mitchell has been connected with the National Civic Federation, an organization backed by Andrew Carnegie and other millionaires. His office has to do with the welfare of the workingman and results of his work have shown that no better choice could have been made.

John Mitchell is a self-made man. He knows what it is to toil in a coal mine. He has gone down in the pits not knowing whether he would come out alive. He has had some narrow escapes, and he has seen his companions and friends die at their work. He is noted for his



kind-heartedness. In the fall of 1898 he was vice-president and organizer of the United Mine Workers of America. There was a strike at the Virden Coal company's mine in Virden, Ill. For days the striking miners camped around the stockade the company had erected for the protection of its property. Mr. Mitchell, accompanied by several newspaper men, visited the camp of grim toilers one night, and the sights he witnessed touched his heart. Then came the day when the company attempted to land a train-load of negroes from Alabama to take the places of the white men. Governor Tanner had refused to order out the militia to protect negroes from other states. There was a riot. Nineteen or twenty men in the ranks of the strikers fell dead under the shower of bullets from rifles used by hired detectives from an agency in St. Louis. Negroes were killed, and one or two guards slain. The engineer of the train was shot through the arm.

Then came John Mitchell again. He was what might be called the angel of mercy to the stricken families of the miners. He wasn't violent; he counseled peace. There was an element in the ranks of the union men, who thought Mr. Mitchell too peaceful, but in the long run his policy was found to be the winner. No man ever did as much for the miners as he.

The other day he went out to St. Louis from New York and talked on the subject closest to his heart—that of placing safeguards around the working man. He said there were more persons killed in the United States each year in the peaceful industrial pursuits than would be killed if this country and England were continually at war, and three times more than in any other nation. He urged the need of an automatic compensation for victims of industrial accidents in lieu of the employers' liability protection.

GORE SHOCKED SENATORS



Thomas Pryor Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, caused his fellow members of the United States senate to sit up and take notice a day or so before the adjournment of congress. It takes a great deal to cause the staid old senate to show anything like a panic, but when Senator Gore intimated that an effort had been made to bribe him to the extent of \$25,000 to \$50,000 in connection with legislation affecting \$3,000,000 in attorney's fees for services rendered to the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, in land and township sites, the senator gave immediate attention.

Then when the senator involved two former members of the senate in the alleged plot the upper branch of congress strained its ears to catch every word. The senator's charges reached across the capitol to the house side, and a member of the lower branch also was dragged into the affair.

Of course the senate ordered an investigation, but it has since been found that no money is available and it may be some time before the matter is thoroughly threshed out.

By reason of being blind, Senator Gore attracts unusual attention in congress. When he was eight years of age he was accidentally struck with a stick by a playmate and he lost his left eye. Three year later the senator suffered the loss of his right eye, when an arrow from a cross-bow, drawn by another playmate, struck him.

Mr. Gore did not let the loss of his eyesight interfere with his schooling. He was graduated from a normal school and then went through Cumberland university, in Tennessee. He was married to Miss Nina Kay, in 1900, and she has been a great help to him in his reading. He removed to Texas in 1895, and was a delegate to the National Populist convention in St. Louis, in 1896. He was nominated by the Populists as a candidate for congress, but was defeated. After he had removed to Oklahoma in 1901 he became a member of the Territorial council, and when Oklahoma became a state, he was elected senator.

HARMON FIRST IN CONTEST

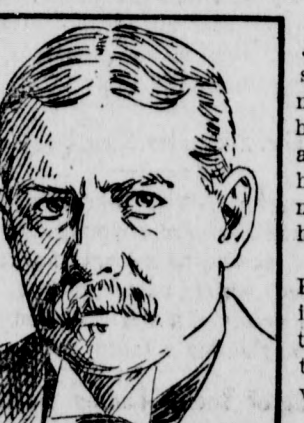


Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, who has been renominated by the Democrats of his state for a second term, is the first in the field for the presidential nomination in 1912. Of course a great deal depends upon whether he is elected this fall, but his friends are sanguine of success. Should he be defeated in his race for governor it naturally would put him out of the contest for the presidency.

Governor Harmon was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, in 1846. His father was a clergyman. He was graduated from Denison university in 1866, and from the Cincinnati Law school in 1869. The first public office he held was that of common pleas judge from 1876 to 1878. Then he became judge of the superior court of Cincinnati, holding this office from 1878 to 1887, when he resigned to resume the practise of law. On June 8, 1895, President Cleveland called Judge Harmon to his cabinet as attorney general. He held this important position two years and again went back to the practise of his profession. He was president of the Ohio Bar association and member of the faculty of the law department of the University of Cincinnati.

In January, 1910, he took the oath of office as governor of the Buckeye state to serve two years. His renomination and his endorsement as the party's candidate for president by the Ohio convention speaks louder than words so far as his record as governor is concerned.

JUSTICE MOODY TO RETIRE



Because of his continued illness, Associate Justice William H. Moody of the United States supreme court must resign. Under the law a member of the court must serve ten years before he can retire on pay. To aid Justice Moody, Senator Lodge introduced in the senate a bill giving him his pay in future because it was illness and not a desire to enter other business that caused his inability to give his attention to court duties.

Justice Moody was attorney general when President Roosevelt appointed him to the bench in 1906. He has been ill much of the time since then, but it was not until about one year ago that his ailment took such a serious turn that he was not able to give his attention to his duties.

Justice Moody is a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard. He was admitted to the practise of law in 1878, and served as solicitor for Haverhill and district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts. He was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress from the Sixth district to fill a vacancy, and was also a member of the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh congresses. He was secretary of the navy for two years before he was attorney general.

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FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1910.

ART OF EATING AN APPLE.

It is at its best if Munched When Sitting on a Fence.

The apple is so engagingly vagabondish a fruit. It is the black sheep of the fruit family, the tramp and roadster, just as the berries are the gamins and beggars. To eat an apple at a table is to treat it with all disregard of its charm and character, the New York Sun says; to approach it with knife and plate is to take the hopelessly wrong road to its good graces. It should be munched out of doors, preferably with others in one's pockets. An apple is at its best if eaten while sitting on a fence. It then admits you to its sweetest juices, and so attuned is it to the posture, so grateful for your understanding of its proper environment and for the spirit of your attack, that any apple, even a lamentably gnarled one, contrives at such a time to be not wholly unworthy of your attention.

An apple always incites to theft, seducing the most carping moralist, and yet making theft seem right, seem the only sane act, in the very moment of your downfall. Apples love wanderers, approve of homeless people and followers of the highway. They encourage them by growing near the road and doing their best to sustain and nourish. Even in a city apples hold their own and exert their influence. They make opera goers stop at fruit stands and in the flare of a gas jet drop carefully chosen apples into a vulgar and undisguised paper bag. With its pleasant bulge against one's side one's habits change, sinking to a distinctly informal plane. Apples are above all an informal fruit and they argue that opera clothes have no weight against the enticing of rowdyish diversion of a ride on the top of a motor bus, air and apples being sufficient pleasure to justify the fall of any man. They argue so well, backed by their wholesome, lawless tastes, that one must needs agree, and providing the apple sets the tone they make any lark a success.

Fresh Air Not Always Free.

"We moved three times in six months just because the landlord wouldn't allow the baby to sleep out doors," said a student of hygiene, who resides in Chicago. "Then I took to explaining the case to the agent before we moved in. We were refused an apartment in four other places before we finally found a landlord who didn't object to the fresh air cure."

"I don't care how much fresh air you get in a legitimate way," was the way one agent put it, "but it looks bad for the house to see beds and cradles piled up on the fire escapes. The other tenants who have neither babies nor fresh air convictions find fault. They say it makes the place look like a tenement, attracts attention from the street, and all that, and they threaten to move if it isn't stopped. Even if the fire escapes are in the rear of the building, the neighbors talk and make things unpleasant."

"And there you are. Fresh air may be as free as heaven, but it seems almost as hard to get one as the other."

Royal Compliments.

George is the breezy elevator boy in one of the big office buildings. "George," said the tall bookkeeper the other morning, "let me off at the third."

"George, the fourth!" added the old broker.

"George, the fifth!" chirped the pretty blonde typist.

George expanded until there was danger of his brass buttons leaving his blue uniform.

"Aw, whatever getting a swell head about?" piped a messenger. "Somebody would 'ink yer was a page in de senate."

"Page in de senate? Why, didn't yer hear dat peach of a typewriter say 'George de fift'? Makes one feel like de new king of England!"

Suggesting a Reason.

Corkins—I don't know how I do it, but I can always tell what time of day it is without looking at a watch or clock.

McStab—To be sure. Nature always confers instinct upon creatures that lack the higher faculties.

Great Achievement.

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

"Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.—London Spare Moments

Can't See His Faults.

He's slightly off color,
And yet we don't mind;
He has so much money,
We're all color-blind.

KENDALL MURDER MYSTERY SHOWS STRANGE SIDE

Secret Recovery of Dog That Accompanied Jap Considered Suspicious.

Letter From Woman Now Dead Expresses Fear For Son Whose Life Was Threatened.

Into the maze of conflicting statements, partial denials and equivocations that have served to deepen the Kendall murder mystery from day to day there has crept additional facts so badly entangling matters and involving in a strange way Mrs. H. F. Starbuck that only a Grand Jury investigation can thrust the screen of mystery aside.

Though the capture of Yamagachi, the supposed murderer, is of the greatest importance to the Sonoma county authorities, much stress is laid upon the silence of Mrs. Starbuck, whose explanations to significant letters written by herself have never been offered.

That Mrs. Eura Kendall feared for her son's life, which had been threatened by Mrs. Starbuck, was revealed in a letter written by Mrs. Kendall to her relative, Mrs. J. F. Henry of 3118 Fruitvale avenue, on March 7th, of this year.

The letter written by the dead woman, which is one of the few thus far unearthed showing the attitude of the Kendalls toward their opponents in litigation—the Starbucks—is deemed of great consequence by Dr. Henry. It is significant because it is so positive, for in the epistle Mrs. Kendall states, without hesitancy, that Mrs. Starbuck threatened to take her son's life. The dead woman feared the threat. She thought immediately of having Mrs. Starbuck arrested. The feud between the Starbuck and Kendalls, which ripened into intense hatred, is also spoken of in the letter. At the time of its writing all attempts to settle the trouble amicably were unsuccessful.

The dog, Coley, will play no small part in the investigation. This dog, having formed an attachment for the Japanese, followed him to the Starbuck home, and was seen in the yard of the Starbuck home when Yamagachi made the uncanny statement to Mrs. Starbuck that he had shot the Kendalls. When Yamagachi left the house the dog followed him to West Oakland.

That Mrs. Starbuck, who at first claimed that the black shepherd dog which followed Yamagachi to the Starbuck home was not the dog Coley, knew positively that it was Coley was revealed by an advertisement for the dog which appeared in a newspaper shortly after the visit of Yamagachi to the Starbuck home.

Coley was picked up in West Oakland and his finder was rewarded. The search for Coley and his recovery was clothed in secrecy. Captain Petersen of the Oakland police knew of the Coley incident, but it was never mentioned to newspaper representatives.

District Attorney Lea of Sonoma county still believes that Yamagachi is within the confines of California. The idea that the suspected Japanese has committed suicide is not given credence in official quarters. In fact, Lea and Sheriff Smith believe he is in hiding in Oakland.

Visitors are not allowed on the Starbuck ranch. Recently a party of autoists visited the scene of the murder and carried away several bits of important evidence. The affairs of the ranch are in the hands of the Public Administrator.

Forest Fires Under Control

Billings, Mont.—Dispatches from Yellowstone Park say that the forest fires are completely under control. Deer, elk, antelope and bear are fleeing from the fires and seeking safety in the lowlands.

Mother of Author Called by Death.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. S. Steffens wife of Joseph Steffens of Sacramento and mother of J. Lincoln Steffens, the reform writer and author of "Shame of the Cities," and other books, died in San Francisco last Monday.

Girl Strangles Mad Dog.

Washington.—With her bare hands Miss Maud Barbour, a young woman of this city, strangled a large dog, apparently mad, which attacked her. Miss Barbour received a slight wound on the arm from the dog's teeth.

Opening of Young Ladies' Seminary

Oakland.—Mills College will open for the new academic year August 19th. Many improvements have been made in the buildings and grounds.

PANIC REIGNED AS FIRE SWEEPED BRUSSELS FAIR

Crowds Fought Like Mad to Escape as Flames Consumed Buildings.

Many Injured but Loss of Life Very Small.—Damage is Estimated at \$100,000,000.

Brussels.—The White City of the World's Fair, as the Belgians have called their 1910 exposition, is a mass of ruins. A spark falling into inflammable material in the telegraph building burst up in flames which, driven by a high wind, swept rapidly in all directions.

Soon the Belgian, English and French sections were destroyed. The firemen and detachments of soldiers called to the scene found themselves baffled by the gale which carried the burning embers to all parts of the grounds. The loss is estimated at \$100,000,000.

To the left of the main building arose the picturesque roofs and spires of "Bruxelles Kermesz," a Belgian Coney Island with water chutes, toboggan slides and scores of sideshows. This place was alive with Sunday crowds, and before they could be got out with any semblance of order, the kermesz was afire. The crowds became panic stricken and men, women and children fought madly to escape. The exits became choked with the struggling masses and men used their fists to clear the pathway. Many were trampled under foot and badly injured.

An engine corps from Antwerp attempted to dynamite the buildings in the French section in the hope of checking the fire, but the flames leaped across and engulfed the Italian, Russian, Japanese, Chinese and Norwegian buildings. Forty houses on the avenue Solboch, adjoining the exposition, were destroyed.

At the time of the outbreak not less than 100,000 persons were circulating in the grounds and kermesz. Troops were ordered out and came at double-quick to aid the police in clearing the great grounds. This was accomplished in fair order, except within the limits of the kermesz, where the vast crowds became entangled in an almost inextricable mass, fighting desperately to find an escape from the flames, which swept viciously through the tinder-like structure.

Soon the enormous facade tumbled in ruins. Considering the rapidity of the conflagration, the small loss of life is marvelous. Only two deaths are reported. The injured, as officially announced, number 30, but probably many hundreds received minor hurts.

As the flames reached the menagerie it was decided to shoot the beasts, but the heat drove back the soldiers and the animals were left to their fate. The multitude of people were driven back to a safe distance and watched the thrilling spectacle of the destruction of the White City. Tongues of fire mounted high into the heavens and flaming embers were carried off by the wind and fell upon the residences beyond, setting them on fire.

The fire was finally got under control. The Belgian and English sections are in ruins while all the other sections, including the American, were partly destroyed.

Bands of thieves engaged in pillage and a soldier was stabbed while attempting to arrest three men whom he found rifling a jewelry exhibit.

The aggregate loss will be enormous. The diamond exhibitors are heavy sufferers.

Boy Hunter Kills Brother

Napa.—Alvin Black, an eight-year-old boy of Napa, died from the effects of a bullet wound in the head inflicted by his 14-year-old brother, William, who stumbled and fell to the ground, causing his gun to discharge.

Actor Flies Across Irish Sea

London.—Robert Lorraine, the actor, qualified as a star aviator by making a splendid flight across the Irish sea, a distance of more than 50 miles, from Blackpool, England, to Landudno, on the coast of North Wales.

Troops and Strikers Clash

Bar, Italy.—Four persons were killed and several others wounded during a clash between troops and participants in a general strike, which had been organized in protest against high house rents.

New Maternity Hospital

Oakland.—Articles of incorporation of the Oakland Maternity Hospital have been filed in the County Clerk's office. It is capitalized at \$15,000.

GERMANY'S JEAN VALJEAN.

Millionaire Philanthropist Who 40 Years Ago Was a Bandit.

Herr Charles May, of Berlin, may be termed the Jean Valjean of Germany. Millionaire whose time and money were spent in doing good, author of religious books and altogether a splendid figure of Christian manhood. May was just a few days ago branded by a jury as the perpetrator of many violent crimes in southern Saxon mountains forty long years ago, where he led a band of desperate brigands. May, who is 70 years old, collapsed and was put under guard to prevent his committing suicide. The charges were made by Wilhelm Leblus, a trade union leader. May sued for libel. The jury decided that Leblus had proven the allegations in a court at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. Not only was it proven that Herr May had been a notorious bandit, but there is no doubt but what he is the author of a long series of cheap novels written many years ago in which he describes the deeds he had committed. Herr May is a splendid linguist, speaking even Chinese and Choctaw.

Silly Billy from Bolton.

In a certain town in the north of England there is a man known by the name of Silly Billy. Not feeling well one day, he sent for the doctor. After examination the doctor asked him if he would take a note to the Model lodging house and he would give him sixpence. So Billy, not liking to refuse, said he would. But on the way there he came across a street sweeper that he knew. He told the sweeper where he was going, but he said if he would take the note he would give him threepence. So off he went and gave the landlord the note, and he found the following written:

"Give this man a bath and keep him in till to-morrow morning, and I will call and see him."

So the following morning the doctor came and was shown into his room. Looking at the man, he exclaimed:

"This is not the man I sent!"

"No, it's not, and I'll pound Silly Billy's head off when I see him!" the sweeper replied.—London Telegraph.

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Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. Olney Kinkaid Walker, pastor (Res. 211 Crocker Bld.). Preaching 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

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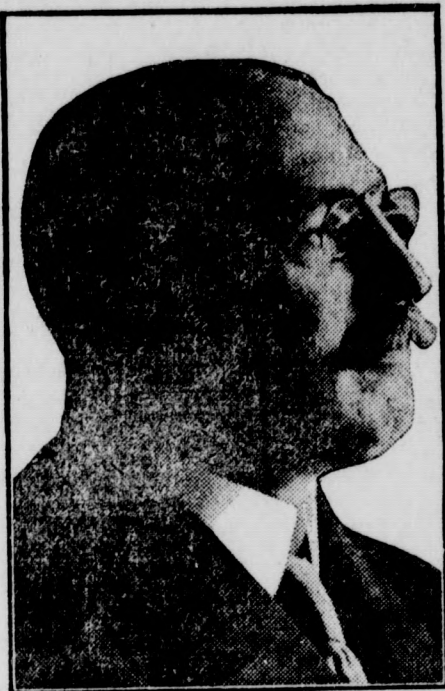
NAB MANY CRANKS

GUARDS AT WHITE HOUSE ARE ALWAYS ALERT.

Prices of Tobacco Will Be Increased Because of New Internal Revenue Tax Which Falls on the Consumer.

Washington.—Not far from ten per cent of the 3,000 souls confined in St. Elizabeth's, the government hospital for insane at Anacosta, D. C., were committed to that institution because of an insane desire to see the president. All sorts and conditions of men, women and children—for some have been the merest boys—make their way to the White House, some of them to warn the president of impending danger to himself or the country, some to reveal to him the will of heaven, some to implore his aid or protection, many to offer him ground-floor business chances which ought to make him many times a millionaire.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service, has two of his most trusted men stationed at the White House day and night to guard the president, and wherever the chief executive goes



John E. Wilkie.

these keen eyed detectives are always on the lookout. Their work is to prevent annoyance to the president as well as to guard him from danger. Several Washington policemen are also on duty at the White House and it is hard for a person who has a scheme to unfold to the president to reach even the outer offices of the executive's headquarters.

If Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, is not richer than Rockefeller and the Rothschilds rolled into one, it is entirely his own fault, or, perhaps, that of the guards who stood between him and the fortune about to be offered him by an inventor from Colorado, who dropped in one day for the sole purpose of letting the president in on the ground floor of a corporation which he was forming for the purpose of exploiting a patent to utilize gravity.

Gravity, not steam or electricity, was the coming power. It was to run the world—railways, mills, foundries, all the great industries were to be revolutionized by it. Of course, he wanted the president to help him in such trifling matters as the forming of his corporation and the securing of his patents. Particularly he was to compel the commissioner of patents to issue to him the necessary patents on his invention.

Yet another, a New Yorker, had a novel scheme to frustrate the ice trust, in which he wanted the president's help. He wanted the president to make congress appropriate enough money to cut the ice from around the pole, and to bring it to the United States on war vessels, for distribution in the various cities where the ice trust was operating. This, he thought, would lower the price of ice during the summer, when prohibitive prices were charged.

That man was regarded as decidedly in the category of "harmless" cranks. It would not have occurred to anyone that the president would have been in any serious danger if his visitor had succeeded in forcing his way into his official presence. But after being taken to St. Elizabeth's he developed the most violent form of mania, and died within 36 hours, exhausted by his paroxysms.

Indeed, the question of dealing with these people is always a difficult one. For no man on earth can tell just when a crank is harmless. Just when an unbalanced mind will forsake the grotesque for the homicidal is a thing that even the expert alienist would hate to have to decide in advance. What seems at one moment a humorous situation, to be dealt with in a spirit of gentle cajolery, may in a moment become serious even to the verge of tragedy. The flimsiest excuse will, in nine cases out of ten, suffice to turn these would-be guests of the president from their purpose, but there are cases which in the twinkling of an eye develop from insane obstinacy into insane fury.

Take, for instance, the case of a Swede, regarded by the authorities as about the most dangerous that ever came under their notice. He came to Washington in the spring of 1904, journeying most of the way from his home in Minneapolis in a freight car. He made his way to the White House and demanded an audience with the president, that he might lay before him certain facts of an alleged persecution.

He was led through the basement of the White House to the guard room at

the east end, to wait, presumably, for the president. A cab was called from a nearby stand, and the man persuaded to enter it. The driver had his orders to drive to the first precinct police station about half a mile away. Just as the cab started the Swede drew a heavy revolver and fired point-blank at the officer who had him in charge. Fortunately his aim was as bad as his intention. The wound he inflicted was, of itself, slight. But subsequent developments led the doctors to believe that it was coated with poison, and that had this particular crank gained access to the president, Mr. Roosevelt might have shared the fate of his predecessor.

An elderly woman once called at the White House to ask the president to drain the sea off Old Point Comfort for her. She told those who questioned her that she was of a prominent Virginia family and had lost large sums of money through ill-advised land speculation. She was, however, entitled to a share in an estate amounting to \$600,000, but conspirators were keeping the money from her. She had learned through a medium that it was buried in the sea off Old Point. And as the president owned the sea, would he kindly remove it while she secured her fortune?

Of course the overwrought suffragist has not been lacking in the White House collection of cranks. It includes several choice specimens of her. Two of them, one from New England and one from Pennsylvania, have made demands that the chief executive surrender his job to them. Both of these were accompanied by young sons, and expected when they had got things running properly that their children and their children's children would succeed them in the position.

The Pennsylvanian had her cabinet all selected, and was particularly virulent in her objection to Admiral Dewey. She was going to remove him first thing for she felt sure that with a woman in his place there would be no need of any Hague conference to keep the United States at least from war.

PRICES OF TOBACCO GOING UP.

The new internal revenue tax on smoking and chewing tobacco went into effect at midnight, June 30, the tax being increased from six to eight cents per pound. Cigars, with the exception of the small cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, are not subject to the increased tax. The tax on the small cigars is increased from 54 to 75 cents per thousand.

The tax on cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand in packages containing 5, 8, 10, 15, 20, 50 and 100 little cigarettes will be increased from 54 cents to 75 cents per 1,000. The tax on large cigarettes weighing not more than 3 pounds per 1,000, will be increased from 54 cents and \$1.08 to one rate of \$1.25 per 1,000. Cigarettes weighing more than 3 pounds per 1,000 must pay a tax of \$3.60 instead of \$3.

At the same time the statutory sizes of the packages of smoking tobacco are changed. A quarter of an ounce becomes the unit of weight for these packages and each package must contain a multiple of this unit.

These changes, say dealers here, are going to affect the smokers through-



Internal Revenue Commissioner

out the country. The smokers are going to pay more for their tobacco, and so are the chewers.

The prices of cigarettes are going up, in many they have already gone up in anticipation of the coming increase in the tax. The American Tobacco company and a number of the independents have already raised their prices. The American company took these steps more than a month ago. Packages of cigarettes which formerly sold for two for a quarter will now sell for 15 cents straight, it is said. The increase in the price of cigarettes a thousand ranges from 10 to 25 cents.

But the cigarette smokers are not the only consumers who will be affected by any manner of means. The wholesale price of plug and smoking tobacco will be increased two cents a pound; also the consumers of smoking tobacco will be compelled to pay the same price for packages of tobacco weighing one and a half ounces as they have paid in the past for packages of tobacco weighing one and two-thirds ounces.

The burden of the increased tax will fall, it is said almost entirely upon the consumer.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue Cabell said it was impossible for him to say how much the increased tax on tobacco would affect the consumer, if at all. It all depended, he said, upon the action taken by the manufacturers. He was inclined to believe that actual increase to the consumer in the price of his tobacco would be very small.

CUPID TO THE RESCUE

By JEAN CARMICHAEL

Channing had come within an ace of being late at Mrs. Orme's dinner. The clock had struck half-past seven while he was rushing upstairs two steps at a time, to throw off his coat and hat, and as he entered the drawing-room to greet his hostess, the disapproving butler followed close at his heels, and immediately announced dinner. When Mrs. Orme said to him hurriedly, "You'll take out Miss Patricia Ames, Jimmy, I believe you know her," he could only gasp, "Oh, certainly," and wonder what would happen.

Then he saw Patricia, of whom he had not so much as caught a glimpse for three long dreary weeks, adorable little Pat, with whom he was madly in love, and who, as he was sadly aware, had promised never to speak to him again. And Pat was honorable and literal. On seeing him she turned pale, and when he offered her his arm, she was all but petrified with fear. But there was no escape. It was awkward enough, yet it was impossible for them to take Mrs. Orme into their confidence at the last moment and beg for an exchange of partners.

In spite of the situation, however, Channing quietly exulted, as he felt her little hand trembling on his arm, and he exulted the more, when, after a hasty glance about, he learned that Patricia's dragon of a grandmother, her only relative and chaperon, was not dining at Mrs. Orme's that evening. It made one difficulty less, and Mrs. Ames had been a difficulty for Channing, a frosty and forbidding one.

A month had passed since he had met Patricia, while they were crossing from Liverpool. Met?—that was their final mistake, for their meeting, to say



Hold It to Her Lips, Her Eyes on Channing.

the least, had been unconventional. This was the most heinous of crimes in the eyes of Patricia's grandmother who reigned on Beacon street in Boston, read Emerson and Professor James exclusively, and looked severely out upon a generally impossible world through her gold lorgnette. On the steamer her steely eyes, thus aided, had instantly pierced Channing's obvious external attractions, and had examined and vivisected his soul. When later she found that he not only did not live on Beacon street, but was not connected with known dwellers thereon, she was shocked enough. But when she further discovered that he was not even from Boston, but an inhabitant of Chicago, she shuddered—there were such possibilities in the way of commerce there! Too horrified, at the time, for speech, she could only wave her lorgnette in despair. No wonder Channing was pleased at avoiding this "difficulty" at Mrs. Orme's dinner.

As he and Patricia walked speechlessly down the long hall that led to the dining-room a thousand tender memories flashed through his mind. Within one hour after leaving Liverpool, he had fallen violently in love with Patricia, as she sat opposite him at the table in the dining-saloon. But whenever he had so much as glanced in her direction he had been met by a stony stare from her watchful grandmother and as he knew none of the few choice spirits on the boat whom Mrs. Ames admitted to her sacred circle he felt hopeless and helpless.

Fortunately for him, however, on the second day out a storm prostrated most of the passengers, among them Mrs. Ames. Since she could not reasonably forbid Patricia's eating, the adorable one had appeared alone at luncheon and had actually sent him a sweet, shy little smile by the time they had stupidly gone through five courses—and then, most delicious of memories—just then it had happened.

By the time Channing had reached this recollection he was pushing in her chair for her at Mrs. Orme's table. For a moment he touched her white gown and her fingers tingled. The perfume of her roses intoxicated him and he half closed his eyes as he recalled that thrilling moment when Patricia, venturing out on the sloping deck after luncheon, had been roughly flung straight at him. If he had not been there she would probably have gone overboard, the ship careened.

For one blissful moment he had held her in his arms.

Channing, with difficulty, drew out a "yes" and "no," and nothing more from his shy neighbor. At the end of two courses he felt decidedly bored. People were noticing that he and Patricia had turned their backs to each other and even the poised Mrs. Orme now and then shot an inquiring glance of distress at him. He was inwardly vexed and in desperation turned boldly to Patricia.

"This is a horrible bore," he said, "and I am going to talk to you, and you've got to listen and look interested, or else Mrs. Orme and all the others will be shocked and talk about it. As you have a conscience, you need not say anything at all. But—" he lowered his voice—"it's immense, simply ripping, just to be near you, Pat. You look adorable in that white gown. I never saw you in evening dress before, you know, and I'd like to pick you up in my arms and run away with you."

Channing controlled his expression in some unaccountable way and to anyone looking on he might have been making conversation about the weather. But Patricia grew very pink and confused as he went on making love to her under the very eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy. At first she smiled and nodded once or twice, but kept her red lips tightly closed, as though afraid a word would slip out involuntarily. Then, suddenly, she picked up her place card and regarded the fat Cupid painted upon it.

"Do you know," she said to it, "that I am not sorry to see a certain person again. I'm talking to you, you lovely pink cherub," she explained. "But you may tell him, the certain person, whose name cannot be mentioned, all that I say, and if you can, all that I think as well."

She flashed Channing a little glance through her long lashes—a look that sent the blood racing through his veins. Then her face clouded and she shook her head mournfully at the still smiling little love god.

"There will be a horrible row later," she confided to the card. "Grand-mamma is coming to the reception after dinner, and, oh, when she sees a certain person, there will be such a row, and I shall be snatched away, and she won't believe that I've not spoken to him. Dear little Cupid," she implored, "can't you live up to your reputation and come to the rescue and help me out?"

Under cover of the chatter and the laughter and the subdued confusion of a large dinner the two, apparently conversing, felt quite alone, and were no longer watched.

"Dearest Patricia," Channing exclaimed. "I don't care. I'm going to steal you away from your dragon grandmother. Can't Mrs. Orme tell her that I'm respectable?"

Patricia looked up at him with lovely, serious eyes, then glanced down again at the card. "You know," she instructed Cupid, "grandmother does not, and can never, know a certain person. He lives in Chicago, which is beyond the pale. He was never introduced properly."

"It's not all over, Patricia Ames," he muttered. "It's only just begun. If you think I'm going to give in to her you are much mistaken. I don't care if she is your grandmother and a Boston Ames. I warn you I'm going to run away with you, if she won't give you to me properly."

As Mrs. Orme rose, Patricia hastily tore a flower from her corsage bouquet and absently held it to her lips, her eyes on Channing. Then, in the confusion caused by the women leaving the table, she slipped it into his hand.

Go lovely rose, she misquoted to the ceiling— Tell him who wastes his time and me, That now he knows, That—that—I love him so!

Then she brushed past him and went out of the room. Channing, with the rose in his hand, smoked nervously, not listening to the stories of the other men and only half answering when he was directly addressed. As soon as possible he went to the drawing-rooms, where the guests for the reception were already assembling. Across the great space he caught sight of frightened Patricia sending him a warning glance, and at the same moment saw the cause of her terror. There, standing near their hostess, he beheld the tall and commanding form of Mrs. Ames of Beacon street. They were talking animatedly and Mrs. Ames was smiling, actually smiling—he had never seen her smile before—and nodding her stately head as if something pleased her. Then, suddenly, she turned and swept ponderously forward, bearing down toward Channing like a full-rigged ship.

For a moment he was terrified and could have turned and run like a frightened hare. The memory of the last chilling scene with her held him.

"My dear Mr. Channing," Mrs. Ames was saying, "what a pleasure to see you again! I have just been talking to Mrs. Orme, one of my oldest and closest friends, and she tells me that you are the grandson of my dear friend, Bishop Ansley, and that Governor Winter of New York, a remote connection of my own, is your uncle. You must come to see us at once. My granddaughter, Patricia, I am sure, will be glad to see you. We are staying at the Blanks' while we are in New York, and when we return to Boston I shall hope to welcome you often at my home on Beacon street. If you happen to see Patricia this evening," she turned to say, as she left him gasping some awkward words of thanks, "if you should happen to see Patricia, you may tell her that—that—silence is not always commendable."

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In Cupid's Behalf

By MORTIMER CARLTON

Although Harriet and I have lived in New York for nearly three years, we have not become reconciled to the aloofness and indifference with which most dwellers in the metropolis seem to regard their neighbors. We still observe the people next door with a kindly curiosity in keeping with the traditions of the little town where we were born, brought up, and married.

It was a June evening when first we noticed our neighbors. Harriet and I were sitting in the twilight of our little parlor, dreaming together of the cool woodland haunts we had once frequented. In the midst of our reminiscences Harriet's attention was suddenly drawn to the window.

"Frederic!" she whispered. "Do look. Be careful, or she'll see you."

"The poor thing! I wonder what the matter is!"

Peeping over Harriet's shoulder I saw a girl, dressed in black, seated at the fifth floor parlor window opposite but a few feet above ours. There was something appealing in her attitude.

Presently she got up and lighted the gas. The next instant a gray-haired man entered the room.

"Sibly is coming," we heard him say, as he threw himself into the chair by the window. "He wants a definite answer tonight."

The girl made no reply. She was standing in the middle of the room, and Harriet and I could see the despair in her large, dark eyes.

"Well, why don't you say something?" the man exclaimed.

"What is there to say, father?"

"You might at least try to be cheerful, Justine," he complained. "Heaven knows, I am no more taken with the idea of your marrying a man like Sibly than you are. But how can I help it? A word from him and I am worse than ruined."

"Very well, father," the girl replied, wearily. "When Mr. Sibly comes, you may tell him what you please."

"But—with a little shiver of repulsion—don't ask me to see him."

She passed quickly into the next room.

In a moment, our attention was drawn to the "horrid man" across the area. He had arisen from the chair and left the room. He returned, accompanied by a clean shaven man of middle stature, rather portly, and very deliberate in his movements.

"Where's Justine?" the visitor asked.

"She's indisposed, Sibly," his host replied. "But she has left the matter to me."

"Look here, Bullard," Sibly said suspiciously. "I don't come here to listen to evasions. I came for a definite answer."

"I know you did," Justine's father replied petulantly. "But you needn't snarl at me because my daughter doesn't feel equal to seeing you. It isn't my fault. I've done—"

"What is her answer?" Sibly interrupted.

"Oh, she consents, just as I told you she would."

"Good!" exclaimed Sibly, and Harriet and I saw his smile of triumph, and hated him for it.

His smile quickly gave place, however, to a crafty expression.

"If I'm to get you out of your scrape, Bullard," he went on, "we shall have to be married right away. The post office people are suspicious, and they may spring a surprise any moment."

"What Monday evening do?" asked Bullard, his face pale with fear. "I don't think I—that my daughter will consent to an earlier date."

Sibly eyed his host a second. Then he said:

"Very well. Monday evening at seven. Leave all the details to me, Bullard. All you have to do is to keep quiet. Mind you say nothing of this to that fellow Colby. He's likely to cause trouble."

"Leonard Colby. That's the man Justine loves."

"Impossible," I protested. "Why, I know Leonard Colby. He is one of our coming lawyers. And anyway, Harriet, it's his affair, not ours."

"But don't you see, Frederic?" Harriet exclaimed. "Mr. Colby doesn't suspect what a predicament Justine is in."

"Why doesn't Justine tell him, then?" I urged. "You say she loves him."

"Of course she does, and that's the reason why she can't tell him. He hasn't proposed yet! And, my wife went on, 'he must propose before Monday! Since you know him, Frederic, don't tell me that our overhearing isn't providential. You must see him first thing in the morning. For that poor girl's sake I hope we are not too late.'"

Early the next morning I called at Colby's office.

Colby, however, was out. He had left word, his clerk said, that he would be detained up town all day.

"It's too awful, Fred," cried Harriet as I reached home. "Mr. Colby came this morning, and Justice has refused him."

"It's Justine's pride," Harriet explained. "She just couldn't bring herself to reveal the family skeleton to Mr. Colby. Don't you see, Fred? She has had to decide between the honor of her name and her love for him. And the saddest part of it is," Harriet added, "that the sacrifice is perfectly absurd. Her father doesn't deserve it. Her family name isn't worth it, and we must prevent it."

And so I went to Colby's office again. This time I found him at his

desk. His naturally sunny countenance was clouded with gloom, and his response to my greeting was an inarticulate growl.

Presently I induced him to unburden himself. What he told me confirmed my wife's theory of the situation. But more than that, it made evident to me that Justine's refusal had struck at something deeper than his vanity.

"I've done something, or said something," he groaned, "that made her lose faith in me."

"Nonsense," I declared, "there's another man. What is her father doing?"

"Floating gold mines. That is another thing that worries me. If he's not careful, he will get himself into trouble with the postal authorities."

"Who are his associates?" I asked.

"Well, there's Wollford, and Sibley, and—"

"Ah, Sibley. Who is he?"

"The silent partner. He supplies the money."

"Married?" I continued.

"I don't know. I haven't heard," Colby replied listlessly. "What are you getting at?"

"Could anything be plainer?" I cried. "Her father, impoverished and eager to recoup his fortune—a charming dutiful daughter—a wealthy banker. I got up preparatory to departure. 'Look up Sibley—and don't let any more grass grow under your feet!'"

"Jove, Fred," Colby responded. "You're a wonder!"

"Nothing of the kind," I disclaimed. "Simply a married man. Which reminds me," I added. "My wife wants you to dine with us Monday evening. Dinner at six-thirty. Be punctual. My wife insists on punctuality. But you will find her rather clever as solving puzzles like yours."

The final act in our little drama was brief, but full of surprises.

At quarter past six on Monday evening Justine, already dressed for her wedding journey and looking far from happy, lighted her parlor gas and very carefully pulled down the shades. This was a contingency which neither Harriet nor I had foreseen, and our consternation quite befitted us of wit.

Before we had recovered sufficiently to discuss so serious a miscarriage of our plan with the calmness it demanded, we were further appalled to find that a full quarter of an hour had elapsed and that Colby had not yet appeared.

Then Harriet saw two shadows, unmistakably masculine, pass across the Bullard window shades.

"It's Sibley and the minister," she exclaimed. "I know it! Is Frederic, if Mr. Colby does not come in three minutes, I am going over and tell the minister."

"Now my dear," I remonstrated. "You mustn't get excited."

I went to the window and craned my neck in futile effort to get a view of the street. I was inwardly anathematizing a system of architecture which so brutally limits the outlook from a rear apartment to the walls of the adjacent buildings, when I became aware of an unusual stir in the neighborhood. Glancing upward, I saw a cloud of smoke rising from the next street and spreading above the roof of Bullard's apartment.

"Harriet!" I cried. "There's a fire in the next street. It may be the front apartments in Justine's house."

My wife came to the window.

"I wish I could see something," I added giving way to the excitement that was in the air.

"What time is it?" Harriet asked.

"Quarter of seven."

"And Mr. Colby not here!" Harriet gasped. "He will be too late. I know he will!" She looked at me with sudden determination. "Frederic throw a book at Justine's window. Throw it hard, and then we'll both cry 'fire!' We must gain time somehow."

I turned to pick up a book. But just as I drew back my arm to hurl it, Harriet exclaimed:

"There's Mr. Colby—coming up the fire escape!"

Looking down, I saw Mr. Colby clambering up the fire escape to Bullard's house. He made for Justine's apartment on the top floor. Once on her balcony he flung open the window, tore the shade from its sockets and plunged into the room.

Two men stood staring at him—Bullard and Sibly.

"Where's Justine?" Colby pants. "Quick! House afire—stairway cut off—go down fire escape!"

His voice brought Justine. For a brief second the four made a tableau, Colby breathing heavily, the others gazing at him as if he were an apparition. Then Sibly awoke to the significance of Colby's warning. His eyes turned furtively from Colby to the window, and with a rush he gained the balcony and fairly slid down the ladder.

His frenzied exit aroused the others.

"You next, father," said Justine.

Her father did not stop to argue the order of their going. Like Sibly he seemed quite willing to entrust Justine to Colby.

Justine followed him, and then came Colby. As they began to descend, Colby glanced up and recognized us. He smiled broadly and waved his hand. It flashed upon me then that he had exaggerated the extent of the fire to suit his purpose. It was as I learned later, a small affair which the firemen had confined to the basement of Bullard's house.

"Well," I said to Harriet, "that ends our part."

But it didn't. There remained the wedding. Harriet was matron of honor, and I was best man. Sibly was not present. Colby has "looked him up" so effectually that he had found it expedient to take a long vacation in Europe.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing Shop



Upon the receipt of the order from the front office the amateur firemen got busy without delay. There was a dragging forth of hose and other apparatus for fighting "the red demon." A tall man, who seemed to be in supreme command of the firemen, gave the orders in cool, confident tones.

Unnumbered hose lines were connected with fire plugs in the new building. Nozzles were aimed at the venerable structure across Jackson alley. As the streams of water began to play and the spray was rising in clouds, like the mist from Niagara Falls, the printers, bookbinders, women folders and other workers began to file out of the buildings.

There is an order that the exit of the workmen and workwomen must be through the side doors along the alley and G street. Consequently, as the head of the line of workers reached the doors on the alley and witnessed the deluge of water crashing against the walls of the old building and flying back in foaming masses, they tried to force their way back into the new structure.

Hundreds of toilers behind, not aware of the conditions in front, pressed forward and forced the front rank out into the alley and into the torrents of flying water. The ensued a scene of excitement.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy Mark



A STORY told at police headquarters by Clarence Davis of Glenallen, Va., recalled to older members of the force the day when confidence men had full sway here. The Virginian related that three men had inveigled him into matching twenty-five-cent pieces in a room at the Raleigh hotel, and that they had disappeared, one of them taking \$458 belonging to him.

When Davis reached the city and he registered at a hotel near John Marshall place and Pennsylvania avenue, he was seated on the coping at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street when a stranger spoke to him. He did not hesitate to tell the stranger he was from near Richmond, and the latter said he was acquainted with people in Richmond.

The Virginian informed the stranger that he was thinking of going to New York, and that he was a bricklayer by trade.

"So am I a bricklayer," the stranger said, "and I'm out of work."

Army of Bees Sting Horses to Death



A TEAM of horses, stung by a couple of bees, plunged madly into twenty hives, upsetting them, releasing an army of 80,000 angry bees, which stung the horses to death, a few days ago, over on the Virginia side of the Potomac river.

The negro driver, who ran at the first alarm, did not escape unscathed. Thousands of bees pursued his flight, and he was terribly stung, but lives.

A dozen or more irresponsible bees were flying about the grounds at the home of Dr. Reginald Munson, on the Columbia pike, near Arlington, where he has forty hives. The horses, attached to a coal wagon, worried by their humming, slapped at the bees with their tails. The bees retaliated, stinging the horses.

The horses, wild with alarm at the unusual attack, plunged madly about the yard, upsetting twenty hives and releasing some ten bushels of bees—

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of Arrest



THE lone policeman who stands guard by the District building in Washington was making his rounds placidly when there dawned upon his horrified mind the fact that a horse was standing with his fore feet upon the District building's own sidewalk.

The horse was hitched to a two-seated surrey. Upon a seat of the surrey sat a gentleman with a broad black hat.

"Get that horse off the sidewalk," said the policeman.

"If you want this horse to get off that sidewalk you put him off yourself, you—"

The remainder of the sentence was more in the way of explication than explanation.

"You better shut up and get that horse where it belongs," the policeman pursued.

PREACHER LOSES \$2 OF FEE

Young Man Charged for Marriage License Has Unique Plan of Getting Even With Clerk.

The clerk filled out the marriage license and handed it over.

"Thank you," said the young man. "Hold on! That's \$2."

"Two dollars!"

"Yes; did you suppose we gave those things away?"

"I certainly did. Chargin' a man \$2 for a sheet of paper that didn't cost the county more than a nickel at the outside is robbery. Have I got to pay it?"

"You'll pay it or you'll hand back the document."

"All right," said the young man, taking a bill out of his pocket, tendering it to the clerk and waiting for his change, "but I can tell you right now you ain't robbin' me. You're robbin' the preacher. He'll get just \$2 less than I was goin' to give him!"

Pocketing the change and tilting his hat back on his head, he stalked out of the office with the air of a man who had been imposed upon, but who knew how to get even.

Another Catch.

Gunner—What's the latest news today?

Guy—George Washington's auto sold for \$500 in New York.

Gunner—What are you trying to hand me? There were no autos in George Washington's day.

Guy—Who said anything about automobiles? This refers to his autograph.

The Mystery Explained.

"See here, my man," said the philanthropist who was doing an investigating stunt on his own account, "you are an interesting puzzle to me."

"Is that so?" queried the other.

"Yes, it's so," answered the party of the philanthropy part. "You are too lazy to work. How do you manage to live?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I get trusted."

The Real Difference.

Jack—What's the difference between a plumber and a poet?

Tom—That's old. A plumber lays pipes and a poet pipes lays.

Jack—That's not the answer.

Tom—What is it then?

Jack—A plumber has money to burn, but a poet doesn't even get a chance to smell the smoke.

As Represented.

"See here," growled the frate man as he entered the jewelry store. "I bought this watch of you last week and paid you \$2 in cash for it. You said it would work like a charm—and it doesn't keep time at all."

"That's all right, my friend," replied the jeweler calmly. "Neither does a charm."

As It May Be.

"People are not alike," remarked the moralizer. "What suits one may not please another."

"Right you are," rejoined the demoralizer. "What is one man's automobile may be another man's juggernaut."

Works Both Ways.

"The clarinet," remarked the amateur as he paused to get his second wind, "is the hardest instrument to play."

"Anyway," rejoined his one-man audience, "it can't be any harder to play than it is to listen to."

His Task.

"Did you do much sight-seeing when you went abroad?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls did the sight-seeing. I had to put in my time finding the places where they cash letters of credit."—Wasp.

The Modern Way.

"Has he asked your parents for your hand yet?"

"My, no. That's an old fashioned custom that's no longer observed. My father may consider himself lucky if we decide to send him an invitation to our wedding."

Thought Quickly.

"What is a totem pole?" his wife asked.

"A totem pole," he said, thinking fast, "is the rail—or pole—on which an objectionable citizen is ridden—or toted—out of the community."

The Better Way.

Maude—Formerly when Miss Screecher was asked to sing she would say "Oh, I can't."

Clara—But she doesn't do that now.

Maude—No; she lets the audience find it out for themselves.

Gentle Protest.

Barber (on train)—Yes, this is a great road, sir. Let me describe it to you as I work.

Man in Chair—Er—yes, but don't put the curves in my cheeks with that razor.

Getting Back at the Prof.

Prof.—Is a watermelon a vegetable or a fruit?

Stude—I don't know. But please tell me whether clam digging is fishing or agriculture.

A Cautious Game.

"Does Bliggins ever bluff when he plays cards?"

"Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."

SURELY GOOD CAKE

BAKER PROVED THAT FACT BY THE RESULTS.

Old Norley half a century ago was reputed the only town in the county where a self-respecting housewife might in case of unexpected company eke out her supply of cake, pie or cookies by purchase instead of borrowing. Elsewhere one must resort to the neighbors. To buy "baker's trash" was to incur a stigma never forgotten. But Josephus Robinson, the Norley baker—better known ironically because of his rotund form as "Old Ribsy"—was a master of the oven whom not even the most experienced and able housewife might wisely scorn.

Only once, indeed, was his superlative product flouted. Young Mrs. Tinkley, Lorenzo Tinkley's ambitious bride, had been a notable cook in the town from which he brought her. She boldly averred that Old Ribsy's "rhymed-rule ordination cake"—the richest, choicest and most famous cake on his list—could not compare with the ordination cake she was herself accustomed to compound, by Grandmother Hartingale's recipe, brought from England.

Her boast was repeated to Old Ribsy, who listened unperturbed. Only after many repetitions was he sufficiently moved from his comfortable calm to offer a rejoinder.

"We'll," he drawled at last, "I ain't a doubt Mr. Tinkley's an extry good cook, an' so most like was her Gran'ma Hartingale before her. Nor I ain't saying that cake o' hers ain't an extry good cake. Give credit where credit's due, says I, an' everybody I've ast about that cake says it's good."

"But likewise they tell me they didn't but jest take a twenty piece an' a few nibbles, because they 'spicined first taste 'twas too rich to be wholesome. Yes, sir, and nary one helped twice!"

"Now, so's my ordination cake too rich to be wholesome, more'n a mose or so, but when folks have savored their first bite they don't remember! I warn 'em fair, but they don't remember; they just eat!"

"When Mr. Tinkley can p'int to as many colles an' dyspepsys following a party with her cake as Doctor Pedley'll testify having tended after one with mine, why, mebbe I'll h'ist my cap to Gran'ma Hartingale an' retire from business."

"Yes, sir, I always warn 'em 'tain't good for their stumicks—I warn 'em fair when they order; but they just will have it."

"Doctor Pedley an' me, we've often confabbed together about the foolishness of folks in stuffing richness. All is, if any fool feller wants to make himself sick, there ain't anything more wuth while doin' it for than my rhymed-rule ordination cake, if I do say so."—Youth's Companion.

A Convenient Rule.

The editor of a newspaper published in a small town in New Jersey frequently received from one of its citizens letters on municipal affairs that were always pertinent and worthy of publication, but which were punctuated in a way that was most peculiar.

Meeting his correspondent on the street one day, he said, "That was an excellent letter I received from you this morning, Uncle Hugh, and I'm going to print it in this week's paper. But tell me, what rule do you follow for punctuation?"

"Why," replied Uncle Hugh, "the same rule as I was taught when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every twelve words and two commas between each pair of semicolons."—Youth's Companion.

Wishbones as Playthings.

Wishbones have found a more exalted mission than enabling romantic young persons to tell which one is going to get married first. A ribbon trimmed box containing 25 wishbones was sent from a boarding house to a New York hospital ward the other day.

"The children down there make furniture out of them," said the giver. "The nurses keep those that are able to sit up in bed busy at something part of the time. They make funny little houses and the furniture for them. In fashioning the furniture they find the wishbones especially adaptable, so anybody who has only the price of a chicken can at least help the hospitals along to the extent of a wishbone."

Here's a New Word.

Former Judge James Lawrence coined a new word in an address to the circuit court the other day. He was trying to show the improbability of the situation or of the circumstances that had been set forth by the opposition. After an elaborate review of the evidence, he said:

"I do not need to point out to your honors the absolute improbability, not to say impossibility, of any such 'situations' obtaining in the case now on hearing."—Cleveland Leader.

Decalogueing It.

"When a woman marries and then divorces her husband inside of a week, what would you call it?"

"Taking his name in vain."—Princeton Tiger

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Indeed, we believe it will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. Then you should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Babinet,

Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. No odor, no stain, no harm to anything. Lasts all season. Made of metal, cannot be blown away or soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent prepaid for 25 cents. HAROLD BOWEN, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Howard E. Burton, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, Tin, \$2.00; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

KIPLING'S LAST BOOK

Abaft the Funnel

PRICE 45 CENTS

JOHN J. NEWBIGIN
315 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
Send for Free List of 45-Cent Novels

Satisfaction or Money Back. Manufacturing Optician. **STANDARD OPTICAL CO.** 231 Grant Avenue, Tel. Post and Sutter. Formerly 1735 Fillmore St. San Francisco

A spring hanger to absorb the shock that is so destructive to tungsten incandescent lamp filaments, has been placed on the market.

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP CO. Tehuantepec Route. Regular Fast Freight Service. New York to Pacific Coast Ports and Hawaiian Islands—Sailings from New York every six days, making direct connection with Pacific steamers sailing from Salina Cruz, Mexico, every six days for San Francisco. Pacific Coast Ports to New York—Also to Mexico and all principal European ports under through rate and through bills of lading. Sailings from San Francisco every twelve days. For rates and further particulars apply to **DEARBORN & LAPHAM WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.** Gen'l Agents, Pacific Coast, 8 Bridge St., New York 210 Sansome St., San Francisco

ENJOY PURITY SODA CRACKERS

For the Superior Quality A Cracker that is Light Just take a trial at PURITY Tasty—Flaky—Right.

MUTUAL BISCUIT CO.

TRY MURINE When Your Eyes Need Care **EYE REMEDY** You Will Like It Liquid Form, 25c, 50c. Salve Tubes, 25c, \$1.00.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Ranchers, Read This! If you want to sell your property quickly and satisfactorily, communicate with us at once. We have something of interest to tell you. **D. H. COLE CO., Inc.** 927 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW HOTEL LENOX

Centrally located one-half block off Market St. Rates \$1 a day up. Steam heat and hot water in every room. 51 Powell St., between Eddy and Ellis Sts., San Francisco

BOSS OF THE ROAD

UNION MADE

OVERALLS

DEMAND THE BRAND

Newly Made Brand

AUTO GOSSIP

Miss Annette Kellerman, featured as the leading attraction on the Orpheum circuit, beside being the champion woman swimmer of the world, is also an expert autoist. When she came west to fill her engagements in this section of the country Miss Kellerman brought her Buick "40" with her and will use it in covering the vaudeville circuit in this Western territory. Miss Kellerman goes in for autoing with a zest that she declares keeps her friends wondering whether her life will end from a reckless drive into the tank or smash up on some boulevard. When last in Cleveland she took her Buick around the Speedway at a 72-mile an hour clip. She has often done the Philadelphia to Atlantic City run at a 64-mile an hour average. Chevrolet recently drove this same car 78 miles in one hour. In the East Miss Kellerman uses the Buick almost exclusively in going from city to city to fill her theatrical engagements. She has taken it all over the continent with her and declares driving it her most delightful recreation.

Don. L. McKay, Seattle manager for the Diamond Rubber Company, is in San Francisco as a guest of C. E. Mathewson, manager for the local Diamond branch. Mr. McKay says that the auto trade is brisk throughout the Northwest and especially so in the country districts. Demand for tires has been particularly strong this season.

The Bosch Magneto company is thoroughly interested in motorcycles and it is surprising the number of the popular and record breaking machines that have this equipment. The company, in its new branch in San Francisco, has one of the most interesting and instructive demonstrating ignition displays that has ever been placed before the public. This display is for the public and any one, from the owner of a machine costing thousands of dollars to the owner of the cheapest motorcycle, is welcomed. "We carry 126 different kinds of ignition that can be used with the Bosch magneto," said Manager Brinkman, "and I hope all those who are interested in ignition will make themselves at home at our salesroom. We have these demonstration stands for their benefit."

In order to cope with increased business, S. G. Chapman, local agent for the Oakland and Hupmobile cars, has secured the storeroom next to his present quarters in Van Ness avenue, San Francisco, which will give him in all a 60-foot frontage in the avenue. A number of changes will be made in the interior, which will give Chapman one of the finest automobile quarters in automobile row.

"In order to maintain the reputation for reliability and durability for which this company's cars have become known, few mechanical changes have been made on the types of car produced for 1910, with the exception of certain refinements, which tend to increase the efficiency of these cars," said I. J. Morse, of San Francisco, Western representative of the Locomobile, factory. "A new model, a powerful six-cylinder shaft-drive car, to be known as the type 'M' and rated as forty-eight-horsepower, will be a new feature of the output for next year. The new six-cylinder model is to be equipped with the Bosch high-tension dual-ignition system and the same system will be furnished with the thirty-horsepower model."

C. K. Jamison, a prominent merchant and business man of Ukiah, recently passed through town on return from an extensive trip in his Chalmers "40." Mr. Jamison made the trip via Sacramento and Placerville to Carson City and thence to Reno. Then he came back by Truckee to Lake Tahoe and stopped for three days. He states to Calvin Elb, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, that he had found the trip a most delightful one, the car giving perfect satisfaction all the way. The long, steep grades encountered throughout this mountainous section were all taken with little effort.

A 10,582 miles service given by a tire that came as part of the original equipment of a big seven passenger car is a record of which any tire manufacturer could well be proud. Such is the service that a Diamond tire has already given on James Tyson's Lozier and the tube still carries the original air with which it was filled at the factory.

San Francisco.—Graham-White, the English aeronaut, in his air ship race against Paulhan, from London to Manchester, last month, had a 40 h. p. White Steamer follow him carrying his mechanics and reserve machinery. The Steamer ran away from everything on the road, including several 60 h. p. cars, and made 50 to 60 miles an hour with a big load up, over the country roads of England.

Soldiers in Russia's Army are to be supplied with compasses with luminous needles.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

NURSE OF KING GEORGE NOW LIVES IN VERMONT



TO HAVE nursed a king is the claim to distinction of Mrs. Ann Roberts, who is living in the little village of Poultney, Vermont. Few persons in that part of the country knew of the fact that a foster mother of a king lived among them until Edward VII died and George V ascended the throne. Then it was noised about that it was at the breast of Mrs. Roberts, who was living with her brother, Richard W. Edmunds in Poultney, that George got his first food.

Right away Mrs. Roberts became a person of interest in all New England and many curious persons have called to see her. She had lived a retired life for years and did not relish the fact that she had been thrown into the limelight.

To interviewers, however, she explained how it was that the new king of England became her charge on the day of his birth on June 2, 1865. Regarding her experience she said: "Soon after my departure from my own home, for I had left my own child to be nursed and cared for by an older sister, who, with servants, also managed the household, my baby was taken ill, but the fact was concealed from me. One of the royal doctors called to see her every morning at my home, but she passed away on the eighth day and I was told that my beautiful child was dead."

"I shall never forget that hour! The cruel news brought me instantly to my knees on the floor of the royal nursery, and it seemed to me that I would never again move from that position, for I felt that I had been transformed into a block of cold and inanimate marble on the instant. Yes, my little girl's death was a sad blow to me, but having accepted such grave duties, I realized that family troubles, should there be any, would never be suffered to come to my ears until it became quite imperative that they should."

"The loss of my own beautiful child had that effect on me regarding my little charge that I almost grew to believe that he was really and truly my own child. I was kept in this position for about 11 months, and when my services were no longer required King Edward, at that time prince of Wales, sent for me from the nursery and was pleased to tell me that I had not only won his own esteem and that of his beautiful princess, but was also esteemed and respected by all the royal household."

"This heavy gold brooch that I am now wearing was then presented to me by Princess Alexandra herself, and she then told me that I was privileged at all times to refer to the little prince as 'my boy.'"

KNAPP HAS BIG TASK TO ENFORCE RAIL LAW



aims of congress.

It is the new railroad law that gives Mr. Knapp and his associates on the commission much concern these days. As chairman Mr. Knapp naturally will be in the thickest of the fray. While the railroads are not expected to give battle they are always fighting for their rights and have brainy men looking out for their interests. On the other hand, are the shippers. Here's where the complaints come from and the most trouble develops.

Mr. Knapp went to the summer White House at Beverly, Mass., a few days ago and had a conference with President Taft concerning the new law.

President Taft went exhaustively into the provisions of the new law with the chairman and later earnestly pointed out that there need be no apprehension that the commission will run amuck or that the new law will be used to club indiscriminately all railroads that propose an advance in rates.

The law, the president pointed out, was not passed for the purpose of lowering rates, or even of holding all rates where they are at the time of the passage of the law, but rather for the purpose of equalizing rates and keeping them so far as possible in tune with business conditions at all times.

Mr. Knapp, whose duty it will be to guide the commission in its work of carrying out the Taft plan, is a native of New York. He was born at Spafford, November 6, 1842. He was first appointed a member of the Interstate

Commerce commission in 1891 by President Harrison; reappointed by President Cleveland in 1897, and again selected for the position by President Roosevelt in 1902. He was a lawyer of note before entering the government service and is regarded as one of the most genial of public officials in Washington.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MUST GO TO PRISON



IN any way with the enforcement of the penalty to be inflicted upon Pittman unless the Nicaraguans should decide to put him to death as they did Froce and Cannon recently.

In the pen pictures of these adventurers drawn by novelists like Richard Harding Davis is presented a life that nearly every American boy who has the real red blood would like to lead. To be a soldier of fortune would be about the height of the ambition of seven out of ten youths from 12 to 20 years of age.

Think of joining a filibuster expedition and starting out to overthrow a government. Sounds nice doesn't it? But the experiences of three American youths in Central America recently have been anything but pleasant.

Pittman has been found guilty of conspiracy against the government of Nicaragua by a court martial. He was captured by the Madriz army recently and was charged with laying mines for the revolutionists. Pittman has led a life of adventures since boyhood. When 15 years old he left his home in Massachusetts and has returned home but for brief periods of time. He served six months in the Boer war in Africa, herded sheep in Australia, spent some time in Mexico and was a member of the crew of the United States transport McPherson when that ship was wrecked off Matanzas, Cuba.

CINCINNATI WOMAN IN FIGHT AGAINST KISSING



every day which can be cited as coming from kisses, and kissing has come to be not a mere popular salute, but a terrible evil that must be stamped out.

Furthermore, she says her efforts have led hosts to forego osculatory pleasures. "People should remember that kissing is merely the habit of centuries. There was a time when all the world kissed everybody they met," said Mrs. Rechlin. "There was a time when kissing was quite the thing, but that day has passed. I think that kissing should be done away with entirely."

"It is essential to the welfare of the people of this nation to have the anti-kiss pledges worn by every school girl and school boy in this country before very long."

A special campaign for each month has been mapped out by the Anti-Kissing league.

Mrs. Rechlin said many prospective June brides had joined the organization. On their wedding day, these brides wore the club badge in full view.

"The custom of kissing a bride on her wedding day is most dangerous," said Mrs. Rechlin severely. "Er—do you mean a bridegroom should not—er—salute his bride?" asked her visitor.

"I mean that the relatives and wedding guests should not kiss the bride and subject her to risk of getting consumption," returned the foe of osculation.

In August fathers and mothers will be urged not to kiss their babies. In September teachers will implore their pupils to abjure kissing.

October, the less kissing the less hazardous the work of street cleaners and laundresses; so the organization will seek members on the highways and in the laundries.

PREACHER LOSES \$2 OF FEE

Young Man Charged for Marriage License Has Unique Plan of Getting Even With Clerk.

The clerk filled out the marriage license and handed it over.

"Thank you," said the young man. "Hold on! That's \$2."

"Two dollars?"

"Yes; did you suppose we gave those things away?"

"I certainly did. Chargin' a man \$2 for a sheet of paper that didn't cost the county more than a nickel at the outside is robbery. Have I got to pay it?"

"You'll pay it or you'll hand back the document."

"All right," said the young man, taking a bill out of his pocket, tendering it to the clerk and waiting for his change, "but I can tell you right now you ain't robbin' me. You're robbin' the preacher. He'll get just \$2 less than I was goin' to give him!"

Pocketing the change and tilting his hat back on his head, he stalked out of the office with the air of a man who had been imposed upon, but who knew how to get even.

THE LYCEUM

2590 Pine St., San Francisco, prepares for University or any examination. Its eighteenth year begins on July 25, 1910. Attend this school, which prepared hundreds successfully. Our instruction is the best, our time of preparation the shortest, our reduced tuition the lowest and within reach of every one. Day and evening sessions.

L. H. GRAU, Ph. D. Principal.

Whether drunk or sober some men are natural born nuisances.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

DEWEY, STRONG & CO.—Founded 1860; U. S. and foreign patents; inventors' guide; U. S. mechanical movements free. 1105 Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco.

The submarine cables of the world, 2053 in number, would encircle it at the Equator more than ten times if laid end to end.

PLUMBING MATERIAL

Direct to You at Cut Prices. Cement Tray \$5; Galv. Tray \$2; Boiler \$4.60; Toilet \$7; Basin \$5; Sink \$3; Bath \$10. Pipe Cut and Threaded. Prices Quoted. CUT PRICE PLUMBING SUPPLY CO. 320 to 322 McAllister St., near Larkin, S. F.

It costs about \$150,000 to construct an airship of the Zeppelin type, while fuel and oil to operate it costs about \$7 per hour.

RUBBER ROOFING

We still have left over three carloads new Rubber Roofing which we are selling at the following sacrifice prices:

1/2 ply at 75c per 100 square feet.
1 ply at \$1.00 per 100 square feet.
2 ply at \$1.25 per 100 square feet.
3 ply at \$1.50 per 100 square feet.
These prices are F. O. B. San Francisco. Write for samples.

CORRUGATED IRON

Any amount of new and second-hand. Galvanized and painted Corrugated Iron. We also carry Plumbing Supplies and Machinery. Mail inquiries promptly answered. SIMON BROS. 1049-53 HOWARD ST., S. F.

A man's hair grows most rapidly between his 21st and his 24th years.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c. at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

An enterprising Frenchman is making trunks for aerial travel of an especially light material, stretched over aluminum frames.

EVERY WOMAN WILL BE INTERESTED.

There has recently been discovered an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is the only certain regulator. Cures female Weakness and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Drug stores or by mail 50 cents. Sample FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Samples having withstood strenuous tests the city of Buenos Ayres has ordered fifteen ambulances from makers in the United States.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"The deeds of great men live after them"—the pleasant effect of a drink of Old Gilt Edge Whiskey is also lasting.

The Real Difference.

Jack—What's the difference between a plumber and a poet?

Tom—That's old. A plumber lays pipes and a poet pipes lays.

Jack—That's not the answer.

Tom—What is it then?

Jack—A plumber has money to burn, but a poet doesn't even get a chance to smell the smoke.

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HOTEL EDDY 22 Eddy St. All modern conveniences, centrally located. Rates 25c, \$1, \$1.50 per day. Country trade solicited.

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G. & J. TIRES

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Magnets and Magneto Spark Plugs. San Francisco Branch 321 Van Ness Ave.

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The Handy Box of Paradise Sodas



When emptied can be used for fifteen dozen egg cases, or a hundred other uses around the house.

STANDARD BISCUIT CO. Sole Makers of Paradise Sodas. San Francisco

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ON CALIFORNIA RANCHES

Probably Mother would like a baby or a boy or girl for company. Many children are homeless. Let us send one to your home. Full legal control. No interference. Straight legitimate business.

CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY 1478 McAllister St., San Francisco

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TEN (\$10.00) DOLLARS

will buy a share in our business. Why not lay by a few dollars in a business managed by successful men? We offer only a few shares of our capital stock in order to further develop certain lines of our business. If you want a choice investment for \$10 or \$100, write for further particulars.

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The New Flavor Mapleine

(Flavor of Maple)



A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book.

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in San Francisco and Oakland

AGENTS WANTED

Our Demonstrating Outfit at \$125 starts you in an exclusive permanent business. Write for particulars. **COLE & HOLLAND, Inc.**, 1611 Broadway, Oakland.

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Gold, rich ore, amalgam, old gold bought. Assaying 50c. Per 25 cents. Pioneer Assaying Co., 111 Fifth St., San Francisco. Ref. First National Bank, S. F.

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LET US GIVE YOU ESTIMATES

on the lumber for your building and show you our choice line of
Sash, Doors, Finish and Millwork
as well as our general stock of manufactured and thoroughly seasoned
Lumber, Lath, Shingles and Building Materials
Come in and look at our stock. We sell satisfaction. Full line of Hardware and Paints

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

Phones Mission 253
Mission 5268

2401 San Jose Avenue

Hindu Horde Expect Positions as Peace Guardians

Calcutta.—A remarkable immigration of Punjabs, Mohammedans and Sikhs, who are leaving for Hongkong with the avowed intention of proceeding to California, is engaging the official attention of William H. Michael, the American Consul-General here.

Some of those who are turning their faces toward the New World are taking their families with them, but the greater number belong to the fight castes and are under the impression that they can get on the American police force. They are confident that they can at least get posts as watch men. The emigrants explain that they have relatives in California who have written them saying that they have found a good land and urging those addressed to join them.

Fifteen hundred natives sailed for the East on five ships last month and many more are preparing to follow. Mr. Michael said that none of the emigrants had visited the American consulate, and that probably they would not be permitted to land in the United States. He expects Washington will make representations on the subject.

Washington.—Assistant Secretary Benjamin S. Cable, speaking for the Department of Commerce and Labor, announced a policy of increased restrictions as regards the immigration of Hindus, and so emphatic was his attitude that he seemed to regret that he had no power to enact an absolute exclusion law forthwith. The report from Calcutta of an influx to the Pacific Coast, occasioned by widespread rumors that America was a "good land" and that there every husky hand had a chance to get on the police force, prompted the Assistant Secretary to declare that it was about time the country awakened to the importance of such a threatened invasion.

San Francisco.—Hindu laborers continue to arrive at this port in every trans-Pacific liner. The undesirables

are coming here at the rate of at least 300 a month, and immigration officials express the opinion that the stream will grow and spread until the coast is swamped unless repressive measures are taken by the United States Government through its immigration representatives at this port.

Up to a year ago there were hardly any Hindus arriving at the port of San Francisco, but since that time at least 5000 have been admitted here by Commissioner of Immigration Hart H. North, who appears to be favorably disposed toward the East Indians.

This is the only port of the western coast through which the East Indian is admitted. At Seattle, where formerly the turbaned and filthy Hindu immigrant had been permitted to land, the local Commissioner of Immigration stemmed the tide on the ground that as the Hindus were polygamists they could not, under the law of this country, be allowed to land.

They formerly landed in British Columbia, but, although citizens of Great Britain, the Canadian Government required that every Hindu immigrant should be possessed of at least \$500. That was another effective barrier to the undesirable, who seldom has more than \$25 or \$30 upon arriving here.

It is generally recognized by the Government officials who come in contact with the Hindus on board the incoming steamers that they are by far the most objectionable of all the immigrant aliens that ever arrived here, the Chinese and other Orientals being in every respect their superiors. Aside from the filthiness of their persons, to which they seem to be blind, the Hindus are shown by medical examination to have little resisting power, and are at the same time shown to be without initiative or originality. Those of them who have landed here continue to live like Gypsies, and lead a nomadic life even within the limits of the cities.

Producers of Dried Fruits Urged to Standardize Product

Sacramento.—State Horticultural Commissioner Jeffrey has sent out letters to dried fruit producers of California calling their attention to a communication he has received from importers of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, stating that unless the California shippers can standardize their exportations they will be refused further business, with Argentine and Brazil given the preference. The California fruit is preferable,

but the shippers do not make any distinction between high and low grades. The Netherlands importers, who also distribute the dried fruits among the colonies, want to be able to tell from samples whether the fruits they will get are worth advance prices or low figures. Jeffrey suggests that the dried fruit interests hold a conference at which a plan of standardization can be formulated.

Death of Mule Precipitates Run On a Southern Bank

Louisville, Ky.—A mule's death was responsible for a run on a South Louisville bank. A depositor on Monday purchased the animal, giving in payment a check for \$75.

That night the animal died. Suspecting that he had been "stung" the purchaser stopped payment.

The payee presented the check just

before the bank closed and payment was refused. He left, spreading a report that the bank had ceased payments.

More than 100 depositors were in line seeking to withdraw their savings when the bank opened next morning. By noon the real cause of the "run" had been learned, and it stopped.

Acting for Boys' Good.

Berkeley.—Chief of Police August Vollmer of Berkeley is determined to put a stop to the smoking of cigarettes by boys under 18 years of age, and has issued a general order to members of his department, ordering them to arrest all boys under 18 found smoking cigarettes.

Paymaster's Safe Stolen

Cheyenne, Wyo.—An army paymaster's safe, containing \$6500, was stolen from the maneuver camp at Pole mountain, 25 miles west of here. There is no trace of the robbers.

Five Years for Robber

San Francisco.—Judge Cabaniss sentenced Louis Martini, who pleaded guilty to holding up Emilio Piercioni and robbing him of \$30, to serve five years in San Quentin.

The Orange County Vote

Santa Ana.—The total registration for the State primary shows 7431 eligible to vote in Orange county, divided as follows: Republicans, 5140; Democrats, 1536; Prohibitionists, 251; Socialists, 205; Independence League, 18; declining to state party affiliation, 281.

Searching for Old Bones

Berkeley.—Geologists of the University of California are still exploring the asphalt beds or lakes in Southern California and it is reported that several prehistoric animals and birds have been taken from the petroleum beds.

Death Gets Booze Fighter.

Bisbee, A. T.—Victor Anderson, a miner, aged 30, won \$5 by drinking a quart of whisky in eight minutes. His relatives will get the \$5, as Anderson died in half an hour.

WEEK'S DOINGS OF THE WORLD BRIEFLY TOLD

News From All Points of the Compass by Wire and by Wireless.

Important Events From Oyster Bay to Mombasa Presented in Pithy Paragraphs.

Boise, Idaho.—The Supreme Court held the direct primary law enacted by the last Legislature to be constitutional.

Berlin.—The health authorities are taking precautions against cholera invasion by emigrants and agricultural laborers from Russian Poland who are coming to assist in the harvest.

Washington.—Great decreases are shown in the exports from this country during July last, as compared with the previous July, of wheat, meat and dairy products, cotton, cattle, hogs and sheep and mineral oil.

London.—Frank E. Beaupaire of Victoria, Australia, in a continuous swim, broke the world's record for 200 meters, 300 yards and 300 meters at the Exeter baths. The time of the respective distances was 2:30, 3:30 and 3:50 1-5.

Washington.—Sentenced to pay a fine of \$1000 and to spend 60 days in jail John H. Hall, former United States District Attorney of Oregon, has filed in the Supreme Court of the United States an appeal from his conviction of conspiracy in connection with the Oregon land frauds.

Seoul, Korea.—Lieutenant-General Viscount Terauchi, Japanese resident general for Korea, is actively instituting reforms preparatory to a change in the administration of the Government. A rigid censorship of the newspapers in this city has been established. One English paper has been suspended.

Nancy, France.—Interesting tests were made here last week of military aeroplanes pitted against bicycles and automobile scouts. The aeroplane had the worst of the match. The soldier cyclists and automobilists figuratively shot at a range of about 300 feet all of the aeroplanists who attempted to reconnoiter in a given direction.

Paris.—Paris witnessed a demonstration of "lynch law" in the heart of the capital recently. A policeman was about to arrest an Apache in the Boulevard Sebastopol, when the man fired at him with a revolver. The bullet wounded the policeman and killed a man passing in the street. A crowd speedily gathered, seized the Apache and hanged him to a lamp post.

New York.—Whether man or woman lawyer, it is hats off in Supreme Court Justice Goff's presence. "Why do you wear your hat in the courtroom? Are you different from any other attorney?" asked the Justice in court of Mrs. Sarah M. Meyer, a woman lawyer who appeared before him. Mrs. Meyer was not prepared to argue the point at the moment, and she hastily removed a large black picture hat. The case then proceeded.

Cincinnati.—"Thou shalt not steal," in bold, black type, confronted Detectives Schnacks and Wimsey when they opened the trunk of John A. Harvey, who is charged with systematically robbing his employers, a jewelry company. On the top of everything lay a piece of paper bearing this commandment. Under it lay religious papers, books and tracts, and under all of this some of the loot. Harvey has been a leader in the Ninth Street Baptist Church here.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—A 150-pound sturgeon nearly sent party of three in a motor-boat over the falls late last night. Opposite La Salle, two miles above the falls, the fish leaped for the searchlight in the boat, but missed and struck and seriously injured Miss Nellie Johnson of this city and then, thrashing about in the boat, disabled the engine. The sturgeon, which measured six feet, eight inches, was finally subdued with oars wielded by the men in the boat. Meanwhile the boat was being swept rapidly toward the cataract.

Paris.—The Paris courts have divorced a young French woman from her husband, a Chinaman. The marriage of Oh Kay to a pretty Parisienne made quite a sensation in Paris about a year ago. Oh Kay studied French law, became to all intents and purposes an European and was rumored to be immensely rich. He married Mlle. Breteuil, and the two went to China. Mme. Oh Kay, in court, declared that she was so ill treated that she had, with the help of the French Consul, escaped and ran away from her husband. In Europe he was very European. In China, he was just a little too Chinese.

SUMMARY OF PAST WEEK'S COAST NEWS

Interesting Events Among Our Neighbors in the Far West Reviewed.

What Has Transpired on the Border of the Broad Pacific From Alaska to Mexico.

Berkeley.—The population of Berkeley ten years ago was 13,214. The present population is 40,448.

Oakland.—While attempting to jump on a fire engine Charles Harrington, a fireman, was hurled to the ground and sustained a broken hip.

Port Costa.—Carl Nowlan, a switchman in the Southern Pacific yards here, slipped and fell under a car while attempting to couple two cars together and was instantly killed.

Stockton.—The Grand Council of the Young Men's Institute, in session here last week adopted a resolution providing for the erection of an Institute building in San Francisco to cost \$100,000.

Phoenix, A. T.—The Board of Equalization fixed the annual tax levy for this year at 70 cents, which is 10 cents less than last year. While the territorial valuation for taxation purposes was not fixed, it is estimated that it will be about \$85,000,000.

Oakland.—The will of Henry Deacon, the late Hawaiian sugar planter, filed in the Superior Court here for probate, provides that, should his wife, Catherine W. W. Deacon, at any time remarry, she shall receive only one-half of the property which the will otherwise bequeaths her.

Porterville.—Development of an artesian well throwing more than 60 inches of water has opened up to future cultivation a large tract of land in the western Delano section. Until this well was brought in, it was believed that the land in question would never be anything but a desert.

Stockton.—The second installment of bonds issued for the purpose of constructing roads in San Joaquin county have been sold for \$522,800, the \$22,800 being the premium on the allotment. The money received from the bonds will be put in circulation at once, as the work of constructing good roads is steadily going forward in the county.

Tucson, Ariz.—After driving with one hand a team of bronchos for 40 miles on a stormy night, Alfred Villa delivered the body of his dead brother to his parents near this city. While driving through the storm the buckboard in which the two boys were riding was struck by lightning, killing the younger boy instantly and paralyzing the other.

Tacoma.—Born in Tacoma in 1884, 1885 or 1886, and turned over to an orphan asylum at Wittenberg, Wis., in 1889, a young soldier named William Straeck, in Fort William McKinley, Philippine Islands, has written Assistant Postmaster Stocking, hoping to find some one to identify him. The young soldier is now with Company M, Seventh Infantry.

Sacramento.—The Western Pacific will build a new steel bridge across the American river leading out of Sacramento on the north. The present bridge, part of which was washed away in the floods of a year ago last winter, has eight piers of spans 80 feet long, whereas the new structure will rest upon four piers with spans 160 feet in length. This will give the water a cleaner sweep in times of floods.

San Francisco.—Following the success of the convention league in securing the 1911 conventions of the National Educational Association and the International Sunday School session, a determined effort will be made by the league to secure the Grand Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles for the next year. A committee of the league will go to St. Louis in the special train of the local aeries, and at the Grand Aerie in that city will present the reasons why San Francisco should be the next Grand Aerie location.

Berkeley.—The College of Agriculture of the University of California will be well represented at the State fair in Sacramento in September, according to the University staff. The floor space will be 18 by 100, or six times as much as was occupied by the college exhibit last year. One half of the space will be given over to Professor G. W. Shaw of the cereal department and used to illustrate the advantages of new varieties of grains that are considered suited for profitable cultivation in California. The remainder of the space will be divided among the other departments of the college.

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Special appointments for evening work

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Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....C. J. Gulluck
District Attorney.....J. J. Gulluck
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder.....John F. Johnston
Sheriff.....Robert Chatham
Auditor.....Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Administrator.....Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor.....James B. Neuman
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justice of the Peace.....A. McSweeney
Constable.....Bob Carroll
Postmaster.....B. S. Greene

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